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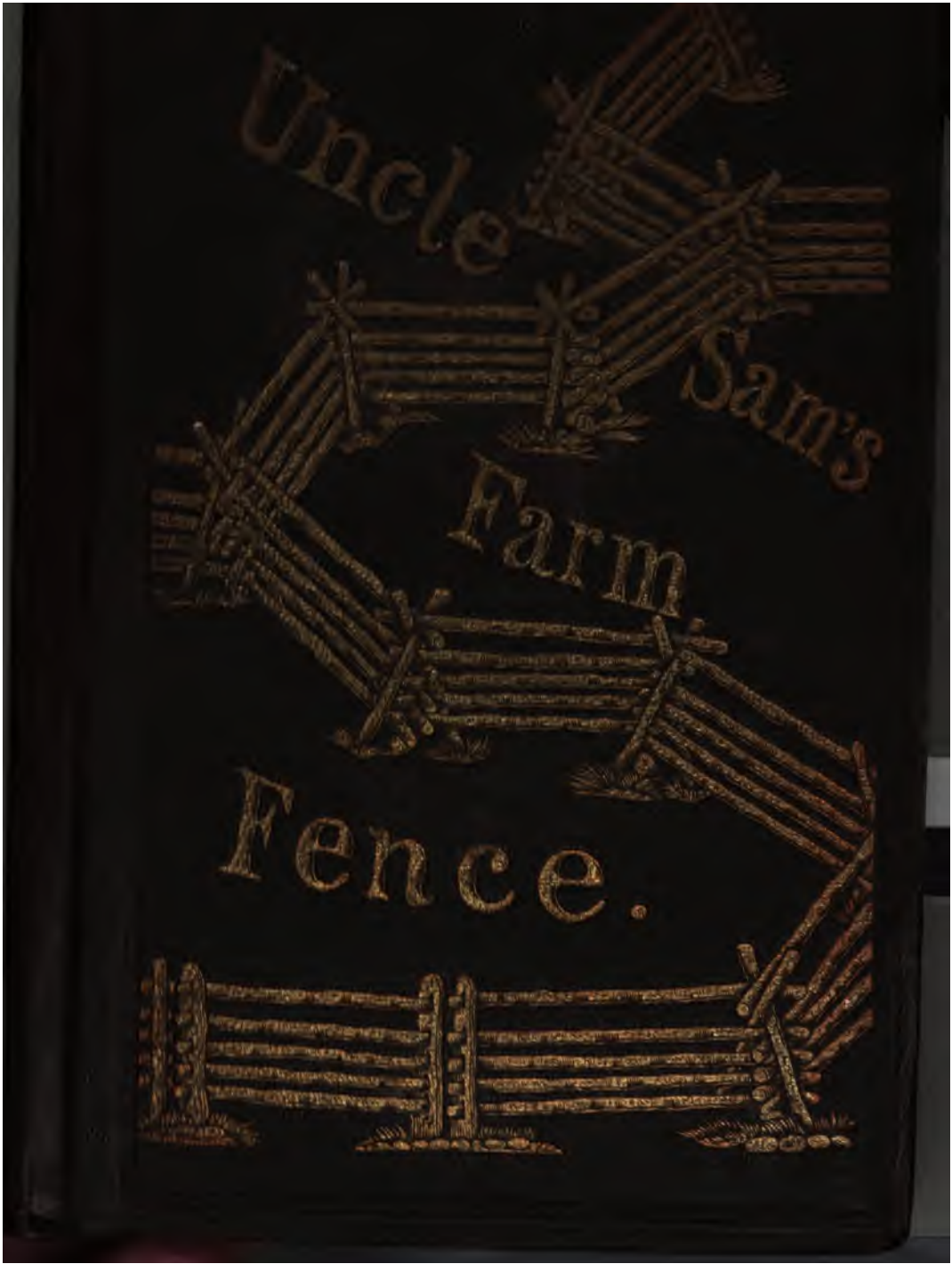
Uncle Sam's
Farm
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See, Hannah, see; thy boy smiles. Page 21.

UNCLE SAM'S

FARM FENCE.

BY A. D. MILNE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. ORR.

New York:
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PREFACE.

Among the topics which engage public attention in the present day, there is none of more commanding importance than the Temperance Reform, and the best method of securing its complete success.

It is now a quarter of a century since patriotic and thoughtful philanthropists began to consider anxiously the best means of arresting the manifold and wide-spread evils of intemperance; and after witnessing the inefficiency of the many varied modes of resistance resorted to in years past, the friends of the reform have arrived, with remarkable unanimity, at the conclusion that nothing short of the entire interdic-

tion by law of the traffic in intoxicating drinks will avail to check and exterminate the dreadful vice they have been combating.

The volume now submitted aims, by means of a simple and truthful narrative of actual life experience, to show the necessity of prohibitory laws, to protect the poor drunkard from being tempted to his destruction, as well as to guard families and communities from the insidious and desolating effects of liquor-selling. Every candid reader of "UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE" will readily admit that the author has drawn his pictures and his facts not from his imagination, but from life as exhibited in hundreds of towns and villages in this country.

The story of the "FARM FENCE" was originally published in the "New York People's Organ," in this city, and so generally was it recognized by the readers as a truthful and impressive portraiture of the

evils of intemperance and of the indisputable need which exists for the utter prohibition of the liquor traffic by law, that immediately such earnest requests were sent in from all parts of the land for the publication of the work in book form, that the appeal could not be resisted.

The publishers, therefore, send it forth with the hope and confidence that it will not merely prove interesting as a tale, but powerfully effective among the moral agencies which are working out the redemption of our beloved country frum the plague and the disgrace of that dreadful evil, Intemperance.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE.

PART I.

"WAITING for your 'nip,' Tom," said the village blacksmith, whose face glowed like his own forge fire; "what's the matter here? ain't Ben turned out yet? Hallo, there! going to sleep all day?"

"I guess Uncle Ben got drunk last night," said Tom; "this fuss about the 'liquor law' makes him as mad as hops."

"Botheration to the 'liquor law,' Ben is more scared than hurt," said the blacksmith, seating himself on the long bench that run from end to end of the porch. "I'm none concerned about that law, just got up for politics; politicians must always have something to ride upon; but mind I tell you, Tom, that nag throws the chaps, neck and heels, you see if it don't."

"Break their necks by the fall, won't they?" said Tom.

"I guess so; Ben's moving; thought I heard a noise; I wish the lazy whelp would be a little spry. I expect Hopkins will bring his horses down this morning, and as like as not I may have to take a temperance lecture; want a horn or so, to fortify me a little."

"Hopkins is a Maine Law man, ain't he?" said Tom.

"As hot as pepper; goes the whole hog, out and out. He made me mad the other day—said it was nothing but drink that carried Charley to State's Prison."

"Just like them," said Tom. "They don't mind a man's feelings a bit. It was bad company, not what he drank, that took Charley to State's Prison; you see he was led away."

"Hopkins will have it, that it was rum."

"Of course, rum does everything that is bad; wonder if it is rum that makes the potatoes rot so all-firedly."

"I must ask Hopkins; I guess he'll say it's all rum's doings."

At this moment the door of the bar-room was

opened, and out rushed a stream of pestilential air, the imprisoned fumes of alcohol and tobacco; and with it came thousands of house-flies, rejoicing to escape from a night's durance in so loathsome a prison-house. Each seemed to say, as he hurried away into the pure atmosphere of heaven, "I'm done with rum, gin and sugar; don't catch this fly again."

"Come, Tom," said the blacksmith, "be a man this morning, and I'll be a man at noon."

"Fact," said Tom, "I blowed out last night, and Ben tells me he has made a law agen trusting liquor. I came down to see if I could do some little chore for him, just to pay the bitters—but don't you owe me a treat?"

"Well, we ain't going to quarrel about three cents: come on."

The two entered the bar-room, where the landlord had already commenced mixing a julep for himself.

"Good morning, Uncle Ben," said the blacksmith; "was you high last night?"

"No."

"What made you sleep so long?"

"'Cause I was sleepy, I suppose."

"Well, be spry, and give me a good stiff nailer. What will you take, Tom?"

"I'll take a small glass of gin."

"Tom is all gin," said the landlord. "Never have to ask him what he'll take. Always gin."

"Well, you see, it 'grees with me better than other kinds of liquor; and I thinks it very onhealthy to mix liquors. A man can drink a great deal of one kind; it becomes a kind of second nature. But when he goes to mixing, it ain't so natural, and that's the way so many break down."

"There is a great deal of truth in Tom's talk," said the landlord. "I have stuck to one kind for twenty years, and find it agrees with my stomach —makes me strong and hearty; but were I to take a few drinks of gin, I should be sure to feel it—like as not, be sick. 'One man's meat is another man's poison,' you know."

"Oh, botheration!" said the blacksmith; "that's all a notion. Nothing comes wrong to me—brandy, whiskey, rum or gin—all good if they have got the spirit; that's all I care."

"They are all good," said Uncle Ben; "all good, according to a man's constitution; some good for one man, some for another."

"See anybody at my shop?" said the blacksmith to Tom, who had drank his gin and was standing by the window.

"Nobody as I sees."

"Well, I hope Hopkins won't come down to-day; I don't feel much like shoeing horses this morning. I ain't a bit well—have worked too hard for the last month. I've got to hold up, or I shall be down sick—I know I shall."

"You do work pretty hard," said the landlord.

"Have got to;—can hardly make the two ends meet, after all. Hopkins says it is rum that keeps men poor; but I tell Hopkins that if I did not use a little liquor to sustain my strength, I could not work as I do, and my family would soon go to the county-house."

"Hopkins," said Uncle Ben, "had better never show his face about my diggings, or he may catch cocksy-doodle."

"What's the matter—what's he been doing?"

"Meddling with things he has no business with. Trying to injure my character."

"Oh, botheration! he can't hurt your character. I never minds him; just lets him blather away, though he a'most makes me mad sometimes; don't

seem to mind a man's feelings at all. It was only the other day that he twitted me—or as good as twitted me—about brother Charles going to the State's Prison; told me it was rum that done it; and I had better take warning. If he had the principle of a man he would never mention Charley to me; but Hopkins is just like the rest of your Maine Law men—cares for nobody's feelings."

"They are going to have a great turn-out, to-night," said Tom, "in the Methodist meeting-house."

"I say, a turn-out!" said the blacksmith; "sup-you and I go, Tom, and help to make the meeting interesting. You can make a speech."

"I dare say I could make a speech," said Tom, "that would make some of them look two ways for Sunday."

"I'm done with the Methodists," said the landlord; "I'm done with them. I have given five dollars every year to help support their preacher; but they don't get any more of my money. My wife a kind a belongs to them, but that ain't nothing to me."

"Won't they turn the old lady out?" said the blacksmith.

"If they should, it won't hurt anybody but themselves."

"Fact," said Tom; "hurt themselves most—plenty of churches ready to take her in."

"Tom," said Uncle Ben, "just run to the spring and fetch us a good pail of cold water, and we will wet the other eye."

Tom got the pail, and, on passing out, was met by a ragged, half-starved-looking girl, of some ten or twelve years of age. The poor creature in a feeble, choking voice, said—

"Daddy, mother says you must come home and get something to burn, 'cause there ain't no wood."

"Yes, yes, sis, tell your mother that I'll be home to-night, that's a good girl."

"But she says you must come now."

"Tell your mother, sis, that I have got a job of work that I must finish the very first thing, that's a good girl."

"Uncle Ben, have you got any candy? Just give my girl a stick of candy."

"I swan!" said Tom, rummaging his pockets, "I thought I had a cent in change; never saw—how money goes. Well, sis, I'll bring you a stick of candy when I get change of a dollar."

"I don't want candy," said the poor thing, "mother wants fire, 'cause she is very sick; and the baby is sick, and mother can't pacify him."

"Go along, you little jilt, and tell your mother that I'll come home just when I *dum* please; home with you!"

The child was off in a moment, crying as if its young but withered heart would break. She ran, looking back again and again, fearful lest the brute father should follow in his wrath.

Tom brought the water, cool and fresh from the fountain, and soon a portion of heaven's blessed beverage was adulterated,—Tom's with gin, the landlord's with brandy, and the blacksmith's with "New England."

"Tom Springer," said Uncle Ben, his bump of benevolence becoming all at once very active, "Tom Springer, you don't do right. A man ought to take better care of his family than you do. You don't work, Tom, as you might do."

"Now, Uncle Ben, hush up; there ain't a man in the village that thinks more of his family than I do. You know, Uncle Ben, that I have got as good a wife as anybody's woman, but when a man is poor what can he do? It ain't like as if I was

in business, having something coming in all the time,—I must take jobs as I can get them, you know."

"Yes, Tom, but you have a good trade."

"What is the use of a trade, Uncle Ben, when a man has got no tools? You know, Uncle Ben, that I have not had a jack-plane in six months."

"Well, Tom, I'll tell you, I wants to help you out; I've got a shed to build, and if you will do it you may have the use of the tools. And more, you may buy back the tools just at the price I allowed you for them, and I'll take work; I won't charge you a single cent of interest."

"Agreed," said Tom. "Now, I'll go home and tell my wife that I have engaged a job of work. When once I get back my tools, and get things a little to rights, I guess I can make it go. Now, Uncle Ben, on the heads of this contract, suppose you just trust me for three drinks; I've had your treat, and Mr. Ironside's, now I want to treat you; I don't want to be a hog. I mean to begin work right away after breakfast. How is the tools, Uncle Ben? Will the planes want grinding? I like to have my tools in order when I work, because when I work I work."

"I don't know about your taking any more before breakfast, Tom; I'm afraid you won't go to work if you do."

"Oh, fact, Uncle Ben, honor bright; I'll go right home and eat, and be back to rights—go to work like a man."

"There, Tom Springer," said a voice from the door, "ain't thee ashamed of thyself—here in the drunkard's den, while thy poor child is dying, and neither fire nor food in thy house."

"Why, Mrs. Bradshaw, are you here? Is little Billy sick? very sick, is he, Mrs. Bradshaw? Cutting teeth, I guess; I'll come right home."

"Yes, Tom, thy Billy is sick, and nigh unto death, while the poor starved mother has not a drop of nourishment for the infant, if it would save its life."

"Well, Mrs. Bradshaw, I was coming right home, but you see I have been making a contract with Uncle Ben—got it almost finished—coming right home."

"Thee has finished too many contracts with that man already, for the good of thy soul."

"Take care, Mrs. Bradshaw—take care," said Uncle Ben; "I won't be insulted in my own house."

"The house was never thine; it belongs to the famished children of the whole town; thee's a thief and a robber, and thee has got neither heart nor conscience."

"Well, well, Mrs. Bradshaw," said Tom, "don't speak hard agin Uncle Ben. He has always been friendly to me; just going to let me have a first-rate job of work. You tell my wife that I'll come and see to the baby very soon now, when this here contract is got along with."

"Thee is a poor slave, Springer," said Mrs. Bradshaw, as she turned from the door of the Spread Eagle. "May the Lord have mercy on thee, if thee is not already beyond the reach of mercy."

The landlord was raving; the blacksmith put a cud of tobacco in his mouth, and looked as if he would leave at once. Tom, however, placing himself between Mr. Ironside and the door, said—

"Don't go yet, I ain't a bit frightened; it is always the way with Mrs. Bradshaw; always in a fret about something. You must not take on so, Uncle Ben; never mind; just let us have the bitters."

"As much as you please to drink, Tom, and you

shall have it scot-free," said the landlord. "I was a good mind not to let you have any more, but I'll show Mrs. Bradshaw that the house is mine, and all that is in it."

Tom took a horn that was a horn, and saying, "No, Uncle Ben, I'm on a hurry; just hand me a three-cent paper of tobacco, and I'm off. Get things a little fixed up at home, and come right back to work. Look out all the tools, will you, Uncle Ben?"

"Mrs. Bradshaw comes again," said the blacksmith, as he turned from the window where he had stood for some time. "I hope she'll start you this time, Springer."

Tom did start a few steps towards the door, saying in a low voice intended for the ear of Mrs. Bradshaw, "I can't stay now, Uncle Ben; my family are sick; I can't stay; I must——"

"Thee may stay as long as thee likes, now, Tom Springer; thee may stay as long as thee likes. The Heavenly Father has been more merciful to thy child than its earthly father has ever been."

"Then Billy's better," said Tom.

"Yes, he is better; he will never blush under the stigma of a drunkard's child. Thy boy is

dead, and his blood is upon thy head, thou unnatural man."

"See here, Mrs. Bradshaw," said Tom, the gin now beginning to take effect, "I don't stand preaching; I guess I know my own business."

"Poor wretch," said the lady, "thy guilt is great, but not so great as thy tempter's. May God help thee, poor Springer." Mrs. Bradshaw returned to the house of misery and mourning. She had seen from the first that the half-famished infant could not live, and twice within an hour she had gone to the tavern in hopes of arousing the infatuated father to a sense of shame and repentance. Mrs. B. had long sympathized with Mrs. Springer and her destitute children. She knew they must often be in want, and often was Sally sent with food for the children, and comforting things for the mother. She had been, however, on a visit of some four weeks to a friend at a distance, and had only returned the evening before the child's death. It was the sight of little Mary Springer running from her father that attracted her attention. She stepped to the door, called the child, and learned how matters were with the family. Giving orders for Sally to get a basket of victuals, and for John to get

some wood, she threw a light shawl over her head, and was soon by the bedside of the emaciated woman.

"Good morning, Hannah," she said, as she took the cold hand of Mrs. Springer into her own; "thee's very sick, child."

"Ah, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mary told me you had returned. How glad I am to see you! Oh, do look at little Billy, and see if you think he can live. I have had no nourishment for the poor child for nearly a week. I have tried to feed him on some crumbs soaked in warm water; but he don't seem to want anything now. Poor little fellow, he has cried a great deal since daylight, as if he was in pain; but I think he has got easier again. Oh, if I had known that you had got home last night, I should have had you come over and see him. But maybe he'll live yet. Mrs. Bradshaw, just look at him; see his little blue eyes—they look bright yet; don't you think they do?"

"Yes, friend Hannah; the eye of thy little boy is bright, but it is that beautiful brightness that sparkles in the eye of innocence as it catches the first faint gleamings of a more glorious world than

ours. The gaze of thy infant, even now, Hannah, is turned far away from the earthly and dim."

"Oh, Mrs. Bradshaw, do you think he'll die?"

"Nay, Hannah, he will live; not on crumbs soaked in water by the hand of his mother, but on the full banquet of love and light and life, at the Master's table."

"Poor little dear," said the affectionate Quakeress, as she laid the dying infant in her lap; "thee has nearly finished thy wayfaring. See, Hannah, see; thy boy smiles. Ah, could his father see that smile, it would, methinks, reach his heart and bring him back to reason. Hannah, I'll lay thy infant in thy bosom. It is fitting that the spirit of thy beautiful bird should go up from the warm nest of a mother's breast."

Hannah turned down the ragged quilt, and without a tear received the stiffening form of her little son.

"Oh, mercy! how cold his feet are," she said. "Oh, Billy, Billy!" and she drew the tattered quilt over her face.

At this time Mrs. Bradshaw made her first visit to the tavern, and returning, brought from her own house some nourishing provisions.

"Come, Hannah, child, thee must not be swallowed up of over much grief; thee must gird up the loins of thy mind. Thy Heavenly Parent has not written thee childless; thee has still thy kind-hearted Mary, and thy brave Johnny, and sweet little Ella. Thou hast got a beautiful little brood yet, Hannah."

Oh, how precious are words of earnest Christian love! The long withered heart of Mrs. Springer felt a glow of hope and joy, even at that sad moment, to which she had been long a stranger.

"God bless you, my dear Mrs. Bradshaw," she said; "I will try to be reconciled—I will try to give you up, my sweet, blue-eyed Billy—I will give you up."

She turned down the quilt from the face of the child; she gazed for a moment, and pale as that mother's face had been, a more deathlike pallor now overspread her features. She fell back, and in a husky whisper, said—

"He's dead—gone—gone!"

Mrs. Bradshaw took the body of the infant from the nearly inanimate bosom of its mother, handed it to Mrs. Huntley, a lady who had been called in to assist—

"Thee will see, Ann Huntley," said Mrs. B., "that the dead is properly cared for, while I try to administer somewhat to the living."

Mrs. Bradshaw understood the human heart, especially the heart of a mother in the hour of bereavement; for she had closed the eyes of four darling children, besides the partner of her young life. She said nothing to Hannah for a time, but went about getttng up a nice little breakfast. When all was ready, she said—

"Hannah, thy Mary and Johnny and Ella are waiting to eat something with their mother; it will do them so much good to have mother sit up and eat a little with them. I have made thee a comfortable cup of tea, and friend Huntley has taken charge of the corpse in the other room. Now, Hannah, thee must eat, child, while I go to the store and procure something for a shroud. Has thee any particular choice or wish in this matter, how it should be made?"

"No, Mrs. Bradshaw, I have no wish; any way you think best."

"Then, Hannah, I will have it made as my own dear little Robert's was made; he died about the age of thy Billy. While I am gone, thee must sit

up and eat something with the children. Mary, thee wait upon thy mother. Thee must not cry so, child; thee must now love and comfort thy mother, and thy little brother and sister; thee's a good girl, Mary."

At this time Mrs. Bradshaw made her second visit to the tavern, as already related, from whence she went to procure things needful for the dressing out of the dead.

Mrs. Springer, though very much emaciated, was not laboring under disease of any kind confining her to bed. It was, therefore, more from mental than bodily suffering that she was found on her pillow at so late an hour; or, it might have been in hopes of communicating more warmth to her sickly child than could be done in an open, barn-like house, without fire.

When Mrs. Bradshaw left the tavern, after announcing to the miserable father the death of his child, it was evident the announcement was not fully, if at all, understood by Springer; for, turning to the landlord, he said—

"Uncle Ben, my wife is not very well, and the baby is sickly. I have just thought what will cure them. I'll carry home a pint of your best Hollands.

It's a case of sickness, you know, Uncle Ben, and when I get to work we'll make it all right."

"Tom Springer," said the landlord, "you can't have any more liquor here this day—depend upon that."

"I'm going to carry it home, Uncle Ben, for sickness. I don't want any more for myself—won't have any more—not now."

"Well, you can't have any to carry home; so clear out at once."

"Come, come, Springer," said the blacksmith, "this is bad work. Here you are—more than half drunk—and your child lying dead. A man should be a man, drunk or sober. Go home, Springer, or I'll take a stick and wallop you home."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, Mr. Ironside, I have one word to say. I have made a contract with Uncle Ben, and I ain't going to fly out. I'm going to build that barn-shed; but first I'm going to make another bargain with you and Uncle Ben. You see, I knows your feelings, and just how you stand upon this here thing that I'm going to mention. Now, if you will treat to one round more, I'll vote agen the Maine Law—that's certain. But if you are stingy, and won't treat, I goes for the Maine

Law, and no mistake; and I goes to the temperance meeting, and makes a speech agen liquor and agen drinking and——"

"Botheration," said the blacksmith, "I don't care how you vote. I would vote, myself, for fifty Maine Laws, if it would give fellows like you any natural feelings for their families. Your child's dead, you varmint!" roared the blacksmith; "and if you ain't out of this bar quicker than wink, I'll give you fits. It's a shame, Tom Springer; you are not the man I thought you was."

Mr. Ironside was really a man of a kindly heart, and though greatly destroyed by rum, still he was far from being like Springer; he yet retained humane feelings, and was constitutionally inclined to take sides with the weak or suffering. To the utmost of his power, all the wants of his own family were supplied, besides giving many a shilling in an unobtrusive way to objects of need. He was an excellent workman, had plenty of business, and might have been a happy man but for rum. His constitution was rapidly breaking down, and the habit of intemperance as rapidly growing upon him. A younger brother had by his example become intemperate, got connected

with some counterfeiters, and on one occasion, having too much drink, and too little cunning for his business, got caught, while greater villains made their escape. Mr. Ironside felt this disgrace very keenly, and some good temperance men very injudiciously, though not designedly, had, on several occasions, wounded him deeply, by bringing the fate of his brother before him, in hopes, no doubt, of leading him to abandon his habits. However kindly the intention, it had a bad effect on Ironside, and he was fast losing that degree of self-respect that he had hitherto maintained. The occurrences of the morning, however, had roused the natural sympathies of his heart; and doubtless, if he could have passed a law for the annihilation of the rum-traffic the world over, he would have done so. He left the tavern completely sobered, and hurrying home, informed his wife of the death of Springer's child; taking from his wallet a two-dollar bill, he said, "Margaret, you had better go down to Springer's, and see what they need; perhaps you had better take something with you from the house, and give this two dollars to Mrs. Springer; take care that Tom don't see you give it to her, if he should be there. Tom

is a perfect brute, Margaret, a real heartless scamp."

By the efforts of Mrs. Bradshaw, Ann Huntly and Mrs. Ironside, together with Sally, Mrs. Bradshaw's maid, things soon looked more comfortable in the house of Tom Springer than they had done for many a day. The children were cleaned and tastefully dressed, some addition was made to the furniture, and the pantry had now a fair supply of the substantials, together with some of the delicacies of life. The baby was laid out with a beautiful white artificial rose on its bosom, its hair parted on its marble-like forehead, and its little hands clasped on its breast.

"Now, Hannah," said Mrs. Bradshaw, as the two sat by the side of the little sleeper, "I have been thinking how much thee needs the consolations of religion, and how it might do thee good to have a minister of thine own order to come and talk with thee. If thee thinks best, Hannah, we will send for thy pastor."

"I don't think he would come, Mrs. Bradshaw. My clothes have not been so that I could attend meeting for nearly three years, and the minister has been changed twice in that time; the present

elder don't know me; never saw me; I don't think he would come. Few of my brethren or sisters have called upon me since my husband became so addicted to drink. Everybody seems to avoid me, and I never like to trouble anybody. I don't think it would be best to send for the minister. I would like," she added after a short pause, and a few tears, "I would like to have a prayer made before Billy is carried to the grave; perhaps the elder would come and do that."

"Thee thinks thyself forsaken, Hannah. In thy circumstances it is natural to think so. Thy minister and thy brethren were perhaps ignorant of thy wants; and thee was somewhat to blame for neglecting the means of grace because of thine apparel; does thee not see, Hannah, that the spirit of pride has led thee to disobedience; the evil one hath tempted thee to seek after those things which the Gentiles seek after, forgetting that thy heavenly Father knoweth that ye need those things. Thou wouldst have found him careful to provide, if thou had been a willing and obedient child. I'm not finding fault with thee, friend Hannah: through all thy afflictions thou hast shown thyself possessed of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the

sight of God is of great price. And who knows but the time for the raising up of those who are bowed down like thyself is drawing nigh, a time of deliverance, Hannah."

"Ah, Mrs. Bradshaw, I look for no deliverance but in the grave; my poor husband can never, never, be reclaimed. He was once kind and good, loved his family, but now, he is lost, lost forever."

"Then thee thinks the Lord's arm is shortened, that it cannot save. I tell thee, Hannah, thou must have more and better faith; thee must be more hopeful; though weeping endure for a night, joy may come in the morning."

It was now nearly the hour for the temperance meeting. Mrs. Bradshaw being anxious to attend, agreed with Mrs. Ironside and Ann Huntley to keep company with Mrs. Springer, promising to return at the close of the meeting.

Soon after the blacksmith left the tavern, in the morning, he began to think more seriously about Springer; although abhorring his conduct, yet he had some pity for him, and some regard for the decencies and proprieties of life. He thought, to send a drunken man into the house of death, would be a greater affliction on the living than death itself

sively for a long time. At last, turning to the blacksmith, he said,—

"Mr. Ironside, I'll go home."

"Not to-night, Tom, not to-night, you are not needed at home; everything has been done for the comfort of your family that can be done; my wife, Mrs. Bradshaw, and others, have all done their best to make things decent and right. My wife has been home—got a cup of tea for you and myself—she has gone back to keep company with Mrs. Springer. And I told her to say that you would remain with me to-night. You must now get up, and we will have some tea."

Tom gazed steadily in the face of Mr. Ironside for some time; he tried to thank him, but his tongue was powerless. Raising himself up, he looked from the window which fronted to the street; he seemed bewildered. At last he said:

"So they are going to bury Billy; they are all going, all going but his father."

"Who are going?" said Ironside.

"The folks," said Tom, "going to bury him."

Mr. Ironside approached the window, and saw the people going along the street in threes and fours. "Ah," said he, "they are going to the

my dying counsel with the world. My life has been long, and bitter has been the cup I have had to drink, but I have got nearly to the bottom now. We often hear of the terrible sufferings of the intemperate, and I think their sufferings must be terrible, but I question if they are half so great as the sufferings which they bring upon the guiltless and the temperate.

"I am eighty-four years of age, and never to my knowledge have I used a pint of ardent spirits throughout my long life; and yet no man in this assembly has drained a deeper or more bitter cup, because of the rum-traffic, than I have done. I have been the father of nine children, seven sons and two daughters. One poor sickly girl is all that remains to me now. I was once the owner of two hundred acres of land; owed no man anything, but love and good works; now a little cottage, with a small garden and cow-pasture, is all my earthly wealth.

"My oldest son became a merchant; drinking was fashionable at the time; he became intemperate, failed in business, and at the age of twenty-seven died of delirium tremens. My second son established a distillery, and at the age of thirty-

Merciful Father of Mercies! how can I love him who, for money, will rob father and mother of all that their hearts hold dear? I will love my country when she guards my interest and my life; I will love my neighbor when he proves himself human; till then I have no love, because I have no hope. But pardon me, sir; pardon an old man if he speaks warmly; let my fearful sufferings plead my excuse, and the magnitude of the evil I would overthrow. There is now a gleam of hope, the battle is being fought, and very soon we shall know every tree by its fruits, every man by his ballot."

The old man sat down, while scarce an eye in all that large assembly withheld the sympathetic tear. After a moment's pause, a young-looking man arose; he stood for some time as if at a loss how to begin, but finally said, in a firm tone:

"Mr. Chairman,—Please your annor, I'm from the land of potatoes and whiskey. My best blessing upon the land, and the potatoes; but the deepest curse of an Irishman's heart be upon the whiskey. It's myself that knows what whiskey has done for my poor country. O'Connell talked about repeal, and the Patriots talked about English

oppression. They were all silly men, all of them; all the Englands in the wide world could not have hurt Ireland, but for the whiskey; and no repeal will do her any good but a whiskey repeal. Here's myself, your annor, come of a decent, respectable family, had two brothers transported for life, just through drink and misfortune; and were I living in Ireland now, I should, as like as not, have been transported by the same means. You see, the whiskey is everywhere, and it takes more than Irish flesh and blood to look at it and let it alone. Well, you see, I came to Ameraky, and thought I would get clear of temptation; but, och! before I was a month in New York I had two shakes of the delirius treemans; and if it had not been more by chance than good luck, that I got up into the country, I might have died like a dog in the street. I have worked two years for Mr. Tracy, on his farm, but I told him that he must never send me anywhere near a tavern.

"When I said this, Mr. Tracy said, 'Do you drink, Patrick?'

"'Faith,' said I, 'Mr. Tracy, if you had seen me sell Father Mathew's medal, which he blessed and gave me with his own hand, to a boy, for three

cents, just to get a horn of whiskey, you would not ask me if I love the creatur.'

"Mr. Tracy done the fair and Christian thing with me; never allowed me to go off the farm, to any place where there was a chance of whiskey.

"Well, you see, your annor, I hears of this meeting, and I thought myself strong enough to attend. Well, you see, just as I entered the village, what should I see first but the tavern sign; so I shuts my eyes, and looks to the other side of the street, and says to myself, 'Patrick,' says I, 'just think on the salvation of your soul, and upon poor Ireland, and be a man for this once.' So talking this way to myself, I got fairly past the devil's shop; and maybe I sent a few curses out behind me without ever looking about at all.

"Now, your honor, I know just what an Irishman's made of; and temperance medals, though blissed by all the saints, Father Mathew and the Pope, won't change his nature a bit; whiskey and an Irishman can never sleep in the same room without getting into the same bed—I tell you that, sir.

"Mr. Tracy puts up fences all over his farm;

and one day, says I, 'Mr. Tracy, what makes you so particular about your fences?'

"'Why,' says he, 'to save my crops. My horses and cows would destroy my corn and wheat, did I not fence good.'

"'But,' says I, 'would not your cows give more milk, and your horses be stronger, if they had the run of the corn-field?'

"'Why, Pat,' said Mr. Tracy, 'are you a fool, that would be like making one dollar and losing fifty!'

"'Well,' says I, 'Mr. Tracy, that same would show your wisdom; show that you understood more than common farmers; that you had the right kind of talent for making *laws!*'

"'Patrick,' says he, 'are you crazy?'

"'And if I am,' says I, 'it's for the want of understanding, when I see men make laws to put one dollar into one man's pocket, and takes the bread out of the mouths of fifty children; and then making more laws to make the hard-working, honest man pay the half of his earnings to feed the poor starving children; and build alms-houses for them, and prison-houses, and mad-houses, and hospitals, to take care of the poor things until they

are hanged, or die some kind of an unnatural death.

"'When I sees all this,' says I, 'Mr. Tracy, I thinks it must be for political economy; because, you see, it keeps the working-man at his work and makes him mind his own business; and makes him go to heaven at last. All this, I think, shows great wisdom. You see, when men feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and take care of the sick and the prisoner, they must go to heaven at last.'

"Well, Mr. Tracy began to think; and he thought quite a spell. Then, says he:

"'Patrick, my boy, I goes the Maine Law. I never thought we were paying the fiddler so much before. The fences are all down. Hoora, boys!' said he, in a kind of excitement, you know, 'let's fence UNCLE SAM'S FARM. Every man bring a good oak rail—stop all the hog-holes, and give the old gentleman a fair chance. See if he can't raise a crop of boys and girls that will astonish the politicians, and give fits to the rum-divil!'"

Patrick Milloony took his seat amid the cheers of the whole assembly.

David Floss, Esq., a lawyer by profession and a candidate for office, next took the floor, saying:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I am, as it is well known, a temperance man; perhaps as much so as any one present. I have been a friend of the cause for many years, but have endeavored to be consistent, to be reasonable. I know how easy it is for people to get hold of one idea, and get excited upon it; making it the more necessary for some to think calmly, to reason rightly, and act wisely. All demands made upon legislative bodies ought to be just; just to all. I am behind no man in my sympathies for the poor unfortunate victims of alcohol: would be glad if men would have a little more self-respect and care for their families. I have never found any great difficulty in maintaining temperate habits, though perhaps more exposed to temptation than most present. And I would tell our Irish friend, that I have often slept in the same room with rum, without allowing it to occupy the same bed. Still, I would do every thing consistent to help save the weak. But, sir, this is a great question, and other elements than that of sympathy for the weak, must be taken into account. The adoption of the Maine Law in our State, will bring ruin upon many thousands; at this moment, many

millions of dollars are invested in the traffic. And I doubt whether a law would be constitutional, that would make a man's property worthless, or take it out of his house. Be this as it may, would it be just to bring suffering upon families who, in good faith, under the sanction and protection of law, invested their last dollar—would it not be something like robbery to talk of legislating away property so confidingly invested under the strong, protecting arm of the law?

"On the sober second thought, I hardly think there is a man present prepared to act so unjustly. I pledge myself, if elected, to do all that can be done to have the business better regulated; giving all reasonable security to the community. I think the time will come when it may be safely done away with altogether. I don't see but what the temperance cause is advancing about as rapidly as its best friends could expect. Very much has been done already; and I must confess that I tremble for that cause when it gets mixed up with politics. Let temperance societies be formed all over the country, and let ministers preach more against drunkenness; and I think before many years, business will die of itself. I love the cause,

and hope it will prosper so long as its friends take wise and just measures for its promotion. I advocate better regulation in the business, fewer taverns, good respectable landlords, and greater order. These few, plain remarks I submit for the consideration of this intelligent assembly."

Mrs. Bradshaw next arose, and said:

"Though a woman, I suppose I may be allowed to speak a word to my old neighbors, on behalf of women and children: especially, as I have just come from placing in its little shroud, the infant child of a poor, besotted and rum-ruined father. I was sorry to hear friend Floss take so narrow a view of human rights. He forgets that the greatest good to the greatest number ought to be sought for. Who are the greatest number, and who most need the protection of law? the millions of drunkards with their wives and children, or the evil-minded men, who, for the love of money, would sell their brother's body, soul and spirit.

"Mr. Floss has feelings upon the subject. He thinks it would be an awful thing to cut off the means by which the rumseller makes an honest living. I wish he could feel a little for those whose all, for time and eternity, is cut off. The

gentleman talks about the amount of property invested. The investment on the part of the rumseller is a voluntary investment; not so with the investment made by every laboring man, who is compelled by law to give a large amount of his earnings to sustain the rumseller's poor. Every dollar that is earned by the sweat of the brow, is taxed for the benefit of the rumseller. Myself, and Mr. Floss, pay largely to sustain Benjamin Ballard, of the Spread Eagle. I have this day paid a few dollars, and to-morrow I may have to pay more. The child of some other drunken father may need a shroud. Some other half-starved mother may need the necessaries of life. But what of all this—it is better that a whole village should groan, and pay, than have the lawful business of Mr. Benjamin Ballard interfered with. The gentleman talks very feelingly of the great amount of suffering that must follow the enactment of the Maine Law. If he had presented a few statistics from the State of Maine, showing how many families had died of want, or been driven to crime, since the passage of the liquor law, it would have helped his argument greatly."

"I have heard of a man in Portland," said the lawyer, "who was sold out of house and home by the sheriff, when his business was stopped."

"That was very hard," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "but did thee hear how many men had been sold out of house and home by that same man, before his business was stopped? and how many more he would have caused to be sold out if his business had not been stopped?—Perhaps Mr. Floss was not curious to inquire on this point."

"Mr. President," said Floss, "is this a Woman's Rights meeting? I should like to know."

"This is a Human Rights meeting," said the chairman.

"By the powers!" said the Irishman, "if my mother was here, and alive, that was burned to death when my father, in a drunken spree, set fire to the cabin, there's ne'er a man on the footstool would prevent her from speaking. You see, Mr. President, it's only the mothers that know how to speak for the poor children that are kilt and murdered from the end of one blessed year to the other, by the blood-sucking rum business."

A very plain, farmer-looking man, said:

"Mr. President, I never had but one lawsuit in

my life, and that was with a drunken fellow, for whom I worked three months. I had to pay my own cost, and that was all I ever got. Lawyers, I think, may have some reason to go against the Maine Law, for I'm told it kills them off down East, and no mistake; there being but few quarrels where there is no rum.

"But, I was going to say, that liquor has made bad work with myself; not that I ever made use of the article, but my father did; and brought up a family in want and ignorance. I never went to school a week in my life. Never had clothes fit to be seen among other children. My mother, though a Christian woman, could never go to meeting, for want of decent clothing. And, had it not been that she read the Bible to the children, we might have all grown up like heathens. I was put out as soon as I was able to work, and never got a dollar of my earnings, until I was of age. I learned to read the Bible a little, and I'm thankful that I can do that much. I think that it has been a great means of saving me from following the footsteps of my father. But, as you see, I knew nothing but just how to dig, and dig day in and day out. I have been of but little use, to what I

might have been. I have been doomed to ignorance, and nearly to destruction, by rum. I have, however, about given over mourning on my own account; but I have fine boys, and I can't sleep at night, thinking where, and how, they may end their days, if the rum traffic is allowed to go on.

"The Bible says something about framing iniquity by laws. I think this must mean the License law. So it seems to me. I can't make it mean any thing but the License law. Howsomever, I have always thought that the Lord would give me a chance, sometime, of doing some good; and now the time has come, and I thank the Lord that I have lived to see this day, and to know for certain that UNCLE SAM'S FARM is going to be fenced.

"Mr. President, please the Lord, if I live, I'll stop one hog-hole, or my name is not John Simmons. My wife says she can't vote, but she can pray, and I tell you there is something in praying, you may depend upon that. I might say more, but doing is better than saying, so just mark me down for one good rail, to help up that noble fence."

'I have been much pleased," said the chairman, "with the remarks that have been made, and

although we did not purpose to discuss the evils of rum-drinking, yet I find it quite impossible to speak of it at all, or think of it at all, and forget its damning character. UNCLE SAM'S FARM *must be fenced.* Maine has nobly laid the bottom rail, four more rails are up already, and the forests of every State ring with choppers and splitters; the fence is bound to go up, thirty-two rails high and a rider. Hoora! for the national fence—UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE."

When the meeting adjourned, Mr. Floss, the lawyer, returned to his home not in the very best of humor. "It won't do," he said to himself, "it won't do to play fast and loose any longer in this temperance business; it won't do to sit upon the fence—I see that plainly. I must try and see what a few public speeches can do—show that the democratic principle alone can save the nation—temperance has nothing to hope for from fanaticism, but every thing from pure democracy, the true and the tried friends of the democratic principle—noble sons of toil—the bone and muscle of the nation—children of revolutionary sires—pilgrim fathers—sons of the free—home of the brave. All come right," he continued, soliloquizing—

"glorious nation—moral and religious people—the march of mind—progression—" On entering his house the lawyer found his wife alone and in tears. "Why, Mrs. Floss," said he, "what's the matter, my dear—what has happened—where are the boys, all in bed—tell me why you weep, my love—what has disturbed you?"

"O, nothing very much; some of my foolishness, I suppose. But tell me, Mr. Floss, what kind of a temperance meeting did you have?"

"No great things—a good many speeches and but little said—all determined, however, to have the Maine Law."

"Good!" said Mrs. Floss; "of course you joined in that determination."

"Not exactly, my dear—that is, not exactly in their way."

"What was their way—the old way, step by step—of regulating?"

"No, no—I wanted to regulate and work along by degrees; just as fast as the country became prepared for the change. The country is not prepared for such a sweeping innovation, at present—the rising generation, perhaps, will be a step in advance of us; and so on, until the evil is done away."

"And you advocated this plan—did you, Mr. Floss?"

"Something like it, my dear—something like it."

"Then, sir, never ask me again why I weep, while I am the mother of living children. Mr. Floss, if your boys should die drunkards, you will find some of their blood upon your own hands."

"Poh, poh, my dear! no fear of the boys if they are properly trained; bring them up right and there is no fear of them. It's all in bringing up, my dear. You know the Bible says, "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. I am Christian enough, I hope, to believe the Bible."

"And I believe it, too," said the lady. "If a child is trained up by the example of his father to sustain in any form the rum-traffic, can that child be made to believe that rum-drinking is always and ever wrong? If the child has got common sense, you cannot make him think it wrong to buy what it is right to sell; the very right to sell presupposes the right to buy—and if to buy, to use."

"You don't understand things, my dear; there is a great deal of property involved in this business

—a great many are dependent upon it for bread, and if it were only well regulated—"

"Regulated!" said the lady, "regulate the tornado if you can, or stay the consuming breath of the pestilence—"

"Poh, poh! you are getting excited, my dear—better go to bed and have pleasant dreams."

"I neither sleep nor dream to-night," said Mrs. Floss, "I go to watch by the side of the dead."

"Dead! who is dead?"

"The starved child of a half-famished mother, the wife of a drunkard."

"Who do you mean?" said Mr. Floss; "what child? what mother? whose wife?"

"The child of the unfortunate Tom Springer."

"Is Tom's child dead?—when did it die?"

"This morning."

"Well, it's perhaps better for the child, poor thing; better if they were all dead, for there is no hopes of Tom."

"He was drunk when the child died; drunk according to law, at the legalized house of Ben Bullard."

"Well, well, Tom's a beastly fellow; we must not judge of the use of a thing by the abuse of it.

Tom ought to be punished; his family must suffer."

"Yes, his family are at the point of starvation most of the time."

"Where are the overseers of the poor?—why ain't they sent to the county-house? It is too bad, too bad," said the lawyer thoughtfully.

"Yes, it is too bad that you and other men should sustain a system that produces such bitter fruits. The prosperity of the rum business depends upon the number of mothers and infants that are slowly, but surely murdered; it's very life depends entirely upon this horrid aliment. I wish you could have had the little shriveled corpse of Springer's child at the meeting, it would have been a good argument for the necessity of keeping up the traffic; it would have convinced the—"

"Poh, poh! Mrs. Floss, you are fairly wild. I said I was a temperate man; I was against drinking."

"Against drinking, but in favor of manufacturing and selling drink. I suppose this is what you call being 'consistent, thinking calmly, and acting wisely.'"

"Mrs. Floss, you know I am a candidate. You

know I must be somewhat careful what I say. I want to go to the House."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, "I know you are a candidate—a candidate for heaven or hell; and so is Tom Springer and his children. Remember this fact, 'We shall all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.' "

"Very good, very good preacher, Mrs. Floss."

"I have a request to make, will you hear and grant?"

"Certainly, my dear, if it should be a reasonable request."

"It is, I think, quite reasonable. Go down with me to Springer's, and look upon the withered face of that dead child, and upon the deathly features of the mother. This is all I ask you to do."

"No use in that, my dear—do more good to help the living than to gaze upon the dead. Take this three-dollar bill, and give it to Mrs. Springer; or buy with it such things as the family may need. I would rather not go down myself; it is not necessary—can do no good. I'll come down in the morning, and help about the funeral; and, more, I will see and converse with the overseers.

Will do all I can, Mrs. Floss, all I can. I will go down with you as far as the door, but I would rather not go in—not to-night."

Mrs. Floss did not insist In about an hour the lawyer and lady are walking in silence along the now deserted streets, both too much engrossed with their own thoughts to be very communicative. They passed the corner where hung the "Spread Eagle" over the golden-lettered name of Benjamin Bullard. The darkness-loving orgies were in full blast. The company seemed to be making merry over the doings of the temperance meeting; and just as the lawyer and his wife turned the corner, a hearty round of "Three cheers for Floss!" greeted their ears. "He—he—he's our man. Hurrah for Floss!" Poor Floss quailed under this. He loved applause, but really he could have wished it to come from some other quarter. He was glad it was dark—glad that his wife could not see his face, which he felt hot, burning hot. His wife made no remarks. They hurried on a few rods further, when the lady's foot came in contact with something that caused her to stumble.—This something possessed life and voice, if a strange, deep-grunting kind

of groan could be called a voice. It is some drunken scamp from the tavern, thought the lawyer; and was about to pass on, when a better thought arose in his mind.

"It is some poor fellow," he said to his wife, "that has got drunk at—"

"Drinking the health of Mr. Floss," said the lady.

"I must take care of him," said the lawyer, feeling glad again that it was dark. "I will carry him home with me."

"Do, my dear," said the wife. "He is a fellow creature, however fallen. A few steps will bring me to Springer's. I can go alone now. Make him some tea; you can do it without calling the maid."

"I'll do the best I can, my dear. Good night."

Mrs. Floss passed on, while the lawyer laid hold of the man, saying, "Hillo, my friend, who are you?"

"Och! by jibbers! I was Patrick Milloony in the morning, but you see, I'm nobody now, but a poor Irish blackguard. Och! bad luck to the root-beer!"

The lawyer was confounded. He thought of

Patrick's speech at the temperance meeting; and the truthfulness of that speech was now fairly before him.

"Can't you get up, Patrick?" he said.

"Faith, your Honor, and it's no use to get up. I may as well die where I am. Och! but I'll never get over this disgrace."

Mr. Floss felt a strong inclination to proceed to the tavern and say some sharp things; but, then, he was a candidate.

"Patrick, come, my good fellow, get up and come home with me, and have something to eat, and go to bed; you will feel better in the morning."

"Your Honor speaks like a praist; but there are so many deceiving rascals, that I'm afeared of my own mother's son. I think I may just as well die now. Mr. Tracy will never forgive me, and if he did, sure I could never forgive myself."

Mr. Floss got Patrick upon his feet; and laboring under a deep sense of shame and remorse, the poor fellow allowed himself to be led along. When opposite the tavern, he stood, and shaking his fist, said:

"God's curse is on ye, and the curse of the

poor fatherless children, and the widows; and the curse of Patrick Milloony, too, you deceiving rascals."

The reader must be informed that two young hopefuls from Uncle Ben's tavern attended the temperance meeting. They were there in the character of reporters for Uncle Ben. On hearing the Irishman's speech, the one whispers to the other:

"I know Pat; worked a month with him at Mr. Tracy's. We'll fix him to-night. Root-beer him—you know."

Patrick had no sooner got outside of the meeting-house, than his acquaintace grasped him by the hand with:

"Ah, Pat, my boy, I'm glad to see you!—First-rate meeting. You made a great speech, Patrick. I'm temperance myself, all over; drink nothing but root-beer; that's good for the blood, you know—I tell you, Pat. Won't we fence 'Uncle Sam's Farm?'"

"Bad luck to the man that don't bring a rail; sure he'll die without a praist or a prayer."

"Serves him right. Are you going home to-night, Patrick?"

"Jist as fast as my feet can carry me."

"Well, come and take a drink of root, before you start."

"Not I, Bill. I would not go into the divil's den for all the roots and beers on the face of the earth."

"I don't mean to go into the tavern, Patrick. You can just sit down in the porch, and I'll hand you a good cooling drink of root."

Patrick was really dry, and he began to think there could be no great danger in what his friend proposed. Bill saw that Patrick wavered, and said:

"Good root-beer is now the drink of all the temperance men. In fact, it is a sure sign of temperance, to be seen taking a glass of root. Can easy tell that a man is temperance all over when he drinks root."

"Well, boys," said Patrick, "if you will hand me a glass out doors, shure there can be no harm in that; but I don't go inside, Bill; I know my own feelings, you see."

By this time they had reached the "Spread Eagle," and Patrick, with one of the chaps, took a seat on the bench in the porch. Bill went into

the bar, and in a few moments returned with three glasses of beer; handing one to Patrick, he said:

"Drink quick, or it will get flat."

Patrick was dry enough to drink quick, and almost at a single swallow the beer went down.

Could the reader have looked through the window of the bar, he might have seen Bill Bently mix a large glass of brandy, with a spoonful of sugar, in the beer intended for the Irishman. The landlord, with a most satanic grin upon his face, watched the movement:

"Bird-lime, Uncle Ben," said Bill; "bird-lime, you know."

Uncle Ben knocked the ashes from his pipe, and smiled as fully as he ever allowed himself to smile, saying:

"Wild chap, Bill, wild chap."

Oh, what a pity that the spirit of Patrick's mother, whose blackened bones had long crumbled to dust amid the ashes of her own cabin, could not have been permitted to interpose for the salvation of her generous and warm-hearted son. What a pity (we feel like saying) that some red bolt, charged with seven fold wrath from the hand

of an avenging God, did not forever paralyze the arm of the heartless villain.

It was not long before Patrick Milloony thought that another glass of that same temperance drink might do him good. He did not need to think twice, for Bill, anticipating his thoughts, had another in readiness.

"By the powers!" said Patrick, after the second glass, "but that is the best drink that was ever brewed from roots."

"Uncle Ben makes it himself; he knows how," said Bill, "and as we don't meet every day, Pat, suppose we take your treat."

"To be sure, my boy. Bring another round, and take the change to the old man."

The ruin was now wrought. In ten minutes more the Irishman was in the bar-room, singing, in true native style, "My sweet Molly Mogg."

The whole time consumed, from his leaving the temperance meeting until found by Mr. Floss, did not exceed two hours; not having been accustomed for some length of time to strong drink, it worked rapidly.

The lawyer, not much of a cook, is now toiling over the fire getting tea, and boiling some eggs,

which he found in the pantry.—He had a heavy heart, as he looked upon the poor fellow, who sat rocking to and fro in his chair.

"Och, dear!" said the man, "but this is the last of me now; and sure the divil himself must have been the root of that beer.—Och, but I'm a disgraced man, entirely!"

"Patrick," said Mr. Floss, "I am sorry for you, but you must pluck up courage, man; you will live to help up 'Uncle Sam's Fence' yet, then we shall all be safe."

"God bless the fence, sir! and, if I can't bring a rail, I can bring a shillalah; and it's myself that knows how to use it upon the heads of the root-beer rascals."

Having got Patrick snugly stowed away in a comfortable bed, the lawyer seated himself by the fire, for he had no inclination to sleep, although it was now past midnight.

The unfortunate Irishman—the death of Springer's child—the tears and fears of his affectionate wife—all were mingled up and crowding upon his mind. From his heart he began to curse the whole liquor traffic as a system too atrocious and damning to be tolerated.

He rose, took the candle, and went up stairs to the bed-chamber of his boys. There they lay, sweetly slumbering in childish innocence.

"But, oh!" said the lawyer, "how long shall they remain pure? Are they wiser, or better by nature than poor Patrick Milloony? No! in no respect. Their hearts may be less warm; their native dignity of mind may be less, far less, than the enslaved Irishman's. May not some future Benjamin Bullard, under the sanction and protection of the law, laugh at their calamity, and mock when their destruction cometh; turn them from his door, shorn of reason and of strength, outcast and despised. Oh, God!" said the lawyer, and he covered his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out the sight that loomed up in painful distinctness before his mind. All his sophistical notions about regulating—about property involved in the traffic —flee like the thin mist before the broad blaze of the noonday sun.

"A man is of more value than gold! Man is from God, and must return to the Great Parent, joyful and pure, or blackened and wailing. True, true, my beloved wife, we are all candidates for heaven or hell!"

Here the thought of the Legislature flashed upon his mind, and for a moment there was a struggle between political ambition, and the more honorable and humane principles that had begun to take a deep hold in his heart. The struggle was but for a moment. Another glance at his sleeping children settled the point; the Rubicon was crossed—the chain was broken, and the fettered politician was free.

The morning dawned, and Patrick Milloony, on leaving his chamber, met Mr. Floss, who had an hour before left his sleepless pillow. Patrick threw his arms around him, and poured forth his gratitude in the glorious eloquence of nature—the simple language of the heart. The blessings of the twelve Apostles, and all the saints, with the Virgin at their head, was earnestly invoked upon the home and head of the lawyer. And weeping like a child, the broken-hearted Irishman took his departure for the farm of Mr. Tracy.

About eleven o'clock that morning, a little band of men and women were seen winding their way slowly through the street of the village towards the knoll that served as the last resting-place for the dead. That company of mourners

are carrying to its narrow house the guiltless victim of intemperance—the drunkard's infant boy. The father followed, bending under a mountain of remorse; the poor mother dragged herself along by his side; while Mary, and Johnny, and Ella walked close behind their little coffined brother. Mary tried to soothe her younger sister and brother with kindly words and kindly looks, but for Ella there was no consolation; she had been passionately fond of her baby brother, and she still repeated, "O Billy, Billy!" It was painful to see the poor little child's utter rejection of all her sister's words of comfort. "But Billy's dead," she replied, "Billy's dead and gone!"

Who is that man with subdued and sorrow-stricken face, that carries under his arm the coffin and its inmate?—The very man who, the day before, gave the first glass of liquor to the unfortunate father; it is Mr. Ironside, the village blacksmith. And who walks mournfully by his side? the man that fifteen hours before talked about regulating the rum traffic—Mr. Floss, the lawyer. Mrs. Bradshaw, Ironside and Huntley make up the train. The minister had been invited to attend, but on account of ill health begged to be excused.

"Well," said Mrs. Bradshaw; "thee may go down to thy grave without a prayer, little martyr, but thee does not go without a tear."

The grave being filled up, and carefully sodded, the party returned to the house of the parents. When passing the tavern, the landlord, who was sitting on the long bench smoking his pipe, came to the front of the platform, and said, "Coming to begin that shed to-morrow, Tom, because if you ain't, I must look for another man, that's all." Poor Springer walked on without taking any notice of the heartless insult. Not so with the lawyer, he stood for an instant, then advancing within a few feet of the landlord, said, while his whole soul stirred within him, "Have you no sense of shame? you inhuman monster! is there nothing of the man left in your polluted heart? is it not enough that through your means he has been robbed of his child, and of his manhood; must you add cruel insult to the damning injury?"

"Take care, Floss, take care; you might get yourself into trouble," said Uncle Ben, with most perfect coolness.

"Trouble!" you cold-blooded viper; "I defy

you and all the infamous crew that minister to your murderous calling."

"Look'e here, Floss, better men than yourself sustain and respect my calling; and I would just tell you for your information that you might find yourself barking up the wrong tree, if you interfere with my business. My business is a lawful business, if you ain't lawyer enough to know it; my business is a lawful business, Dick Floss. I act under the authority of your betters, sir; don't you know that, you insolent dog? If you did not know it before, you know it now."

"Bravo! Uncle Ben," said a half-drunk, blinking creature, that now made his appearance from the bar-room. "I say, Bravo! stick to your rights, Uncle Ben. Law's on your side—free country—who's afeered—going to treat, Mr. Floss? by jings, if you don't you can't get my vote, that's honest."

Mr. Floss turned away without deigning a reply, either to the rumseller or his satellite. The fact was, he felt the full force of the landlord's argument; he was certainly doing a lawful business, with which no man had a right to interfere. "Regulate such a business," he said, "a business that from its very nature presses the milk of human

kindness from out the heart; the whole thing is preposterous. The fence, and nothing but the fence, will do."

When Mr. Floss turned from the tavern, he was met by a gray-headed and most worthy man, a deacon of the Baptist Church.

"I want your counsel, Mr. Floss," said the old man, endeavoring to hide, as far as possible, some deep emotion. "I am in trouble; I want to consult you, both as a friend and a lawyer."

On entering the office, the deacon threw himself into a chair; and for a few moments seemed struggling for utterance. "You are a father, Mr. Floss," he said, "and I know you will pity me. You, you remember my son, Robert, that was clerk for Mr. Packard, some four years ago."

"Why, yes, I remember Robert well—a smart, active fellow, he was; I hope nothing has happened to Robert."

"He was a good boy," said the deacon; "a dutiful son, I never had to find fault with him—a truthful, warm-hearted boy, but he's done now—disgraced himself, and his father's gray hairs must come down in sorrow to the grave. Read this letter, Mr. Floss; it was from my brother, who

lives in the city. You see, sir, what drink and bad company will do. The lawyer took the letter and read it.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is with feelings of intense anguish that I address you on the present occasion, and did I not believe that the God in whom you have long trusted was still able to sustain, I should hardly dare to inform you of the heavy stroke that is about to fall upon your aged head. But you know in whom you have believed; and out of that which appears a very terrible affliction, great good may be finally brought. Robert, whom we all loved so much, and who has sustained, as we thought, an excellent character, ever since he came to the city, has fallen fearfully, but I trust not hopelessly. It appears that for some time he has been the victim of intemperance, but being of very strong constitution and firm mind, he managed to conceal the fact, even from his employers. They could hardly be convinced that it was so. His preliminary trial, however, left no doubts in the mind of any; and, poor fellow, he makes no attempt to deny this part of the testimony against him. This is not made as a

charge; it is only brought forward to sustain a charge of a more serious nature. He is charged with abstracting money from his employers. It appears that, for a long time, he has been in the habit of frequenting those dens of vice called drinking-saloons, and owned by men laying claims to respectability; places where none go and come unscathed. He admits, with apparent penitence, his intemperate habits; but denies, most positively, the charge of theft; says he never spent a dollar that was not lawfully his own. How it may go with him it is difficult to say; I am just going to make him a visit, and will not close this letter until I return. * * * * * *

"I have just returned from the prison, where Robert is confined. I found him in a state of mind that cannot be described. I am satisfied, however, of his innocence. Still, such is the web of circumstances woven around him that I think it impossible for him to escape conviction. He told me he had no wish to escape. I asked him why? 'Because,' said he, 'my character is now lost—my father, mother, and friends, disgraced for ever. Besides, my appetite for rum is now confirmed. I might drag out a few years of a vagabond life, to

go down at last to the grave of a drunkard.' You will see from this the morbid state of his mind.

"I tried to encourage, but he said it was of no use—his doom was sealed. I should not be surprised if his reason gives way: remorse has struck its fangs deep into his heart. I asked if he had any message to send to his father and mother? 'None,' he said; 'only, if it be possible, let them cease to think of an unworthy son. But,' he added, 'I have a message to send to my father's neighbor, Mr. Ironside. Tell the blacksmith that I date my ruin from the little sips of rum he used to give me when a lad, for bringing pitchers of cold water from the sand-hill spring. Tell Mr. Ironside, if he continues this practice with the boys of the village, for God's sake stop it at once. I forgive him, because he intended no evil; but the seeds then planted are now producing a bitter harvest of fruit unto death. And further,' he added, 'tell the blacksmith, that if he has any regard for his daughter that is married in this city, he will take her and her children home to his own house, or she may soon be in her grave. Her husband has become decidedly and hopelessly intemperate; abusing his wife, and utterly neg-

lecting his children; sleeping oftener in the watch-house than in his own bed. No doubt he learned rum-drinking while learning horse-shoeing with his father-in-law.'

"You see that Robert has not lost every better principle. While giving himself up as lost, he feels strongly for the salvation of others. This is a bright and hopeful trait in his character; and I think that if he were cleared from the charge of theft, he might yet be saved. Some who have been longer and more deeply involved in the meshes of intemperance, have reformed, although with the reformed man, like the insane restored to reason, a relapse may always be dreaded while the procuring cause remains. Robert refuses all legal assistance. I have, however, secured good counsel, and wish you to send on testimony touching his early good character. I will leave nothing undone that can be done to help him in his present trying circumstances. May the Lord make all work finally for the young man's good.

"Your affectionate brother,

"GEORGE BOWERS."

The lawyer folded the letter, and handing it to the father, said:

"I most sincerely sympathize with you, Mr. Bowers. Men have been living for ages under a fatal mistake. Nine-tenths of all the crime and pauperism found everywhere, is bargained for by our legislators, when they knowingly give a legal right to rob men of reason and of every moral principle. Guilt and suffering, crime and poverty, the blasting of hopes and the breaking of hearts, all are securely fastened upon fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, by legalized rum-selling. There," continued Mr. Floss, pointing to the window, "there go my three boys to school. What do you think I'm bringing them up for?"

"For usefulness in this world, and happiness in the next, I hope," said the deacon.

The lawyer shook his head mournfully.

"How am I to do it, Mr. Bowers? How am I to rear my sons for usefulness and happiness?"

"You ought to know that, Mr. Floss; it can only be done by instilling into their tender minds the principles of virtue and religion."

"Very well, Mr. Bowers; did you neglect your only son, Robert, in these things?"

The deacon was silent. He looked troubled; there seemed to be some new idea taking form in

his mind—a something that he could not freely grasp.

"I tried," he said, "but no doubt I came far short of doing my duty."

"Nay, Mr. Bowers," said the lawyer, "I believe you came short in no respect, as a good father, as a sincere Christian—you neither failed in precept nor example; and yet the boy has made shipwreck. What has done this fearful deed? What has wrought this sad ruin? The laws of his country, the very pilot that ought to have conducted him safely into port, has cast him away—thrown him on the rock. Should Robert swing clear of the present danger, pitfalls are in his pathway everywhere; and after a short, suffering struggle, he may fall to rise no more."

"God forbid!" said the deacon.

"God does forbid," said Mr. Floss, "but who regards it. By the laws of our country rum-selling is more fully protected and nourished than is the preaching of God's purifying and saving gospel.

"If I remember aright, friend Bowers, *you* thought last spring that one tavern was necessary for the village, just for the accommodation of travellers. You thought it would be well enough to

have one. I thought so too, at that time. I was a fool—I was blind; but now I think I see. I tell you, sir, there is no hope for your son, nor for my son, nor for any man's son, so long as rum is protected by law.

"Your poor boy, Mr. Bowers, reasons rightly. Should he be found innocent of the charge against him, if the appetite for strong drink be formed, he is lost, as long as the law provides the temptation. If our children become felons, or fall into untimely and unhonored graves, let us not complain if, with our own hands and voices, we provide and sustain the destroyer."

"I was wrong, Mr. Floss, I was wrong. I thought one tavern necessary, just for travellers. You know they won't keep an open house, unless they are allowed to sell rum."

"That is all nonsense, sir; all done to blind people; the travellers would be accommodated better, much better accommodated, than they now are amid the tobacco and rum. But who are travellers? Are they not men, like ourselves?—fathers, brothers, and sons. Why should they be considered the lawful prey of the tempter, simply because they travel? Why should we provide

that for our children when they go abroad, which we deny them at home? I tell you, Deacon Bowers, the child that is born under the rum-law, is most truly born under the curse—under the law of sin and death, to all intents and purposes; and better is a grave three feet long, than six."

"I see it," said the deacon; "I see through it now; but what can be done?"

"Stop the traffic at once and for ever."

"But how?"

"By law."

"The Maine Law?"

"Exactly, or something more stringent."

"Can we get it?"

"We can."

"From whom?"

"Our legislators. We can give it to our legislators; they need it as much as any body of men, of an equal number, to be met with anywhere. It is from the people that the law must come; from the *plow*, the *loom*, and the *anvil*.

"With regard to Robert, you had better get what testimony you can, touching his character for honesty and sobriety, while doing business in this village; it may help him when he comes to trial;

should he get clear, take him home, watch over him; and let the man who begat him, help to slay, with a freeman's thunderbolt, the deadly enemy of his child."

"Ah! Mr. Floss, said the deacon, "would to God something could be done; but there are so many that love a little rum, just a little, and care nothing for the life or happiness of others, that I fear."

"Well, sir, we shall know who the many are who love just a *little*—who the man is, that would sell his own offspring, soul and body, for a glass of gin. We shall force the murderers from their covert, to an open, daylight battle-field; the ballot-box is a glorious searcher of hearts and trier of reins. But I have no fears on the subject; there are strong terrible voices, urging us on to victory. Voices from the dead, from the dying, from the prison-house, and from the gallows. Voices from heaven and from hell; from everywhere and from everything—all urge us on to certain victory."

The deacon took his leave, saying, "I will speak to the elder; the church must be stirred up on this business; the coming struggle, I think, must be a pretty good test of real Christian character."

"So I think," said Mr. Floss, as he stepped to the door with the deacon; "he must be a very misshapen Christian who can't stand straight upon this question; he must be very weak in the faith, deacon; very weak in the faith, so it seems to me. Call again, Mr. Bowers, and let me know what you hear from Robert. I hope all may yet go well with the poor fellow."

The good deacon, though his heart was bleeding from its inmost core, thanked God and took courage. There was still a drop of hope left in his cup of bitterness. He felt like a man who had just discovered a new and important truth, and rejoiced in the anticipation of being able, with his own hand, to assist in numbering the days of alcohol—of finishing the reign of terror.

He hurried on, while the subject was yet glowing in his heart, to visit the minister, sure of meeting a warm and earnest co-operation from his beloved pastor, who was always ready for every good word and work. When he arrived at the parsonage, he found the elder just entering the house.

"I have been," said the minister, "on a visit to the poor Widow Spencer; that good sister has a

crushing load to carry in her old age. Her vagabond son is fast bringing her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave; yet God sustains her in a wonderful manner. I'm afraid that boy will go to the State's Prison or the gallows. He seems to be in a fair way at present; unless he repent, he must come to a bad end."

"Nothing surer," said the deacon; "I know of nothing that can save him."

"Nothing but the grace of God," said the elder.

"And the Maine Law," said the deacon. "The head must be cleared from rum before grace can reach the heart. We ought not to complain of the boy while we countenance the law that protects and sustains his destroyer. James Spencer may be bad enough; but I question if his guilt can be half so great as ours, who know the cause, and do not by every righteous means seek to remove it. I have not done my duty by the sons of my neighbors; and it hath pleased God to remind me of my neglect, by bringing a deep affliction upon me through my own only son. Read this letter," continued the deacon, "read this letter, and then tell me what course you will pursue in reference to this world-damning traffic? You have influence;

you have power, and you have sons and daughters. But read the letter."

With intense interest the deacon watched the face of the pastor, as he slowly perused the letter, in hopes ot discovering the effect produced upon the heart. Nothing, however, in that pale, thoughtful face gave any information as to the workings of the inner man. Folding up the letter, he simply said:

"Have you called upon the blacksmith?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Bowers, "I wanted to see you first. I want to know what course you will pursue in this rum business."

"You must go down at once and talk with Mr. Ironsides," said the elder; "inform him about his daughter, and the other matters referred to in Robert's letter. Be faithful with the man. I hope you will find him sober."

"You ask what course I am likely to pursue in regard to the liquor traffic. The iron has entered your heart, my dear brother: it has entered the heart of many a father and mother, and 'God do so to me and more,' if I shall be found wanting in the day of humanity's conflict. How blind has the world remained for ages! With what zeal have

good men toiled, pruning the branch and watering the root! We have cast out from our respect and sympathies the tempted and sorely tried. We have nursed and legally protected the demon tempter; such has been our blindness. The darkness, however, is now passing away; the true light begins to shine—we shall soon find out that where there is no temptation, there is no sin."

The deacon's heart was full. He rejoiced in spirit—wept like a child; took up his hat, laid it down again, and was about to depart.

"You are forgetting your hat, Brother Bowers," said the minister.

"That's just like me," said the deacon: "I wonder sometimes what I'm good for. I was thinking so much about *hearts*, and am so overjoyed to hear you speak, because I know you can influence every voter in the church. You see, elder, there is no politics about this business. this is purely a moral matter, the salvation of the soul is concerned. It is, in fact, the proper and legitimate work of a good minister of Jesus Christ. I'll go right down to the blacksmith; he can be saved yet. And Tom Springer can be saved, and Bill Bently, and the widow's son. All can be saved, and may be,

my poor boy: there is hope for him yet. I feel, elder, like saying, if once the blessed law was passed,—I feel like saying, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes hath seen thy salvation.' Forty and three years I have gone to the ballot-box, and I pray God to spare me to go there once more—just once more. I have built many a fence to protect the bread that perisheth; now I'll help to build a fence for the protection of that bread that endureth to everlasting life. But I can't stand here talking; I must work! I must go and see the blacksmith. Farewell, elder; farewell. Remember my poor boy in your prayers; farewell."

The deacon found Mr. Ironside in his shop, just returned from the funeral of Springer's child; he had changed his clothes, and was trying to do some job of work. He felt very unwell; his hand trembled, while a vulturous appetite for strong drink cried, "Give, give." Having drank no rum for over twenty-four hours—a thing unknown to the last few years of his life—it is not to be wondered at if his mental and physical sufferings were great. He had begun to reason with himself about the necessity of taking a little, just to save his life,

when the deacon entered. Without preface, but with much feeling and faithfulness, Mr. Bowers laid before him the contents of the New York letter. When he had finished, the blacksmith, pale and trembling in every limb, grasped the edge of a work-bench, near which he stood, to prevent himself from falling.

"Have you told all this to my wife, Mr. Bowers?" he said, in a husky and choking voice.

"No, sir," said the deacon; "the message is sent to yourself, and to yourself I have delivered it."

"For God's sake, Deacon Bowers, don't let my wife know; she would cry herself to death if she knew it. I'll go right down to New York and bring my daughter home. I will go and see Robert, and I'll go down on my knees and beg the young man's forgiveness. I'll do all this, deacon, and ten times more if I could. Dear me, dear me, what have I done! Robert—I loved him as my own son; he was a brave, kindly-hearted boy, and I have ruined him. I wish I had died twenty years ago, deacon; I wish I had never been born, Deacon Bowers, I do. Robert," he said after a pause, "Robert is but one. Deacon Bowers, you know about religion—you know what the Bible

says; do you think there can be any mercy, any forgiveness for me? Do you think God can forgive me, Mr. Bowers? Was there ever so great a sinner as I have been?—can there be any hope?"

"I don't know," said the deacon, "that God makes any difference between great and little sinners, so far as mercy and forgiveness are concerned. God is long-suffering and very gracious to all who call upon him—to all who repent and forsake their sins."

"Ah!" said the blacksmith, "I repent; deeply and bitterly do I repent."

"And are you willing to forsake?" said the deacon.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ironside; "forsake rum for ever, and ever, and ever!"

"Well, friend, I have no doubt of thy spirit being willing, but the flesh is very weak; you will find it a pretty hard business to resist your appetite, while the Spread Eagle hangs over the door of Benjamin Bullard."

The blacksmith groaned. "That eagle must come down," he said; "that's not the real American eagle; but a bird of hell, that drags down to the pit."

"Then you think it ought to come down?" said the deacon.

"It shall come down, Mr. Bowers; the power that raised it up can take it down; thank God for a ballot-box; you see if it don't come down."

"I'm glad in my heart to hear you speak so, Mr. Ironsides. If the fence goes up, the Spread Eagles come down; only get the fence up, and your daughter will have a husband again, and her children will have a father."

"And you," said the blacksmith, "shall have a son yet. Robert Bowers never stole money; nobody can ever make me believe the like of that of Robert. Drink may have led him into bad company, but he never wronged any man a red cent; nobody can make me believe that,—he was too good a boy for such work as that."

"I think," said the deacon, "my child is innocent. I always found him strictly honest; but rum is a terrible transformer. An angel, under the power of rum, would do the work of the prince of darkness. Wine is a mocker, Mr. Ironside—strong drink is raging; not a man, woman, or child is safe, while it is tolerated in our midst. Do you really think, friend Ironside, that you are strong

enough to venture a journey to the city? Do you think you could pass all the Spread Eagles by the ——"

"Yes, sir, every one of them, and curse them from the very bottom of my heart," said the blacksmith.

"I hope it may be so," replied the deacon, "you must pray for strength, and I'll try to pray that you may be brought off a conqueror, and more than a conqueror. And now farewell! but can't you come to meeting next Sunday? You won't go before Sunday. I think our minister will give the fence a lift next Sunday. I think his text may be—great salvation through UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE."

"I think I shall come, deacon; I think I shall come; though I hardly know how I should feel in a meeting-house; but never mind that, I shall come."

About one hour after Mr. Bowers left the office of Lawyer Floss, Farmer Tracy entered. Patrick Milloony, on his return in the morning, had, with all the simple truthfulness of a child, related to the farmer what had befallen him after the adjournment of the temperance-meeting. Mr.

Tracy loved the Irishman much, and felt quite indignant at the deception played off upon him at the tavern, together with his subsequent exposure in the street. He now came to consult with the lawyer, about bringing those concerned in the villainous transaction to justice—to the punishment they so richly merited.

"It can be of no use," said Mr. Floss; "you can prove nothing, but that Patrick was found lying drunk in the street. If the man had been found dead, all that community could have done would have been to take him up and put him in the grave. How many, every year, are found dead on the roads, in the fields, or in the woods, after leaving the tavern stupified with rum. But when did you hear of the rumseller being indicted for murder or manslaughter? When the law allows men, for a price, to become killers by profession, murder is no more murder—simply death, according to law. The mighty arm of law is on the side of the rumseller. Society can do nothing, if the first-born of every family should fall by the slayer. How many leave the dram-shop, maddened by the demon-spirit of alcohol, return to their wretched homes to imbrue their hands in the blood of wives

and children? What follows? The maniac husband and father is hanged. The Board of Excise renews the rumseller's license, the past is forgotten, and the murderous work goes on; blasting hopes, breaking hearts, desolating homes. There is just one remedy," continued the lawyer.

"What is that," said Tracy, "the Maine Law?"

"Yes, the Maine Law, or something like it. For my own part, I feel like going back to an older law than that of Maine. I feel like demanding of the rumseller 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;' the measure they have meted out should be measured to them again. Yet, if we can secure the Maine Law, it will be a noble fence —it will save millions."

"Hurrah!" said Mr. Tracy, who had his own way of manifesting his satisfaction, "hurrah for the fence, thirty-two rails high and a rider. I tell you, Mr. Floss, up it goes, and no mistake. I have got children, Mr. Floss, and hope to have more; and if the fence goes up, the more boys and girls the better; but I swany if it don't go up ——"

"We have all got too many already," said the lawyer.

"That is just what I was going to say, Mr. Floss;

better never to be born than to live a slave, die a drunkard, and go to hell at last."

"Better every way," said Mr. Floss, "and yet I would rather risk the day of judgment as a drunkard, than as a drunkard-maker. It must be a fearful day for those men, when the grave gives up its dead: when small and great stand before God: when the books are opened and men judged according to the deeds done in the body."

"Terrible, terrible!" said Tracy; "terrible day, that; the rumseller needs the Maine Law as much as anybody; I see that plainly—never saw it before—I see it now. The present law dooms both buyer and seller; the whole system must be the work of the devil."

"I blame the people," said Mr. Floss; "I blame you, sir, and I blame myself. I do not seek to fix the responsibility of this system on the devil's back. The people are the law-makers—the guilty party, and you and I are of the people. Let us throw no more stones, but split rails and build the fence."

"Hurrah! I shall go it strong, you may depend upon that. My wife, Mr. Floss, is one of the greatest temperance women you ever saw; she won't

give the baby Bateman's drops, because she feels sure there is spirit in them. About a month ago our oldest boy got his foot bruised; everybody said it ought to be washed with new rum or brandy; but in spite of all they could say, she just used cold water, and in fact the boy was about in a few days."

"I wish every man had as good a helpmate, Mr. Tracy, and every boy as sensible a mother. Many good mothers, however, have been deceived and children destroyed, by the countenance that law and custom has given to the use of alcoholic remedies."

"No doubt of it," said the farmer; "but what do you think my neighbor Styles says about the Maine Law? He says it's all a political game, intended to break down the United States Government, and set up a King or a Pope."

"You tell Styles, friend Tracy, that if he wishes to keep Kings and Popes out of America, he must sustain the Maine Law. Tell him the law is purely and out and out democratic. It will make the poor rich, by giving to the honest, hard-working man the full avails of his labor. It will make the simple wise, the ignorant learned; be eyes to

the blind and feet to the lame; and in every sense make Jack as good as his master. It is the law of fraternity and equality, of love and brotherly kindness, the law of heaven *Americanized.*

At this moment the lawyer's little son entered the office, with a look full of importance and sunshine.

"I'm going to make money to-morrow, father," he said; "I'm hired out."

"Indeed," said his father, "who has hired you, and what are you going to do for your employer?"

"Mr. Bullard," said the boy, "is going to have his barn-shed fixed, and he has hired me and another boy to watch the cows until he can get the fence up again. You know there is no school to-morrow, and I thought I might hire out."

"And how does Mr. Bullard pay you? what does he give?"

"He gives us sixpence apiece, and treats us too."

"Treats you?"

"Yes, sir."

"To what?"

"Sweet cider or beer."

"Why, William," said the father, "I am aston-

ished; did you ever drink cider or beer at Mr. Bullard's tavern?"

"I never drank any rum, sir."

"I ask you, William," said Mr. Floss, with some severity, "did you ever drink any cider or beer at the tavern of Mr. Bullard?"

"I didn't think there was any harm in drinking sweet cider," said the boy; "it don't make any body drunk."

The father knew not what to say; an astounding fact, of which he had not the least suspicion, burst upon him so suddenly, that it nearly unmanned him. His boy, not yet twelve years of age, familiar with the bar-room, and an advocate for elementary drunkenness!

"Has Mr. Bullard himself ever treated you to beer or cider?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes," said the boy.

"Does anybody else treat you?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Hill, that works for Mr. Bullard, and Mr. Ironside, sometimes treat us boys."

"Anybody else?"

"Nobody else; only Tommy Taylor."

"What! the Widow Taylor's boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where does he get the money?"

"I don't know, sir. Bill Brown says he steals it from his mother, and treats the boys."

"Does he ever treat the boys to anything but cider or beer?"

"Some of the boys take gin and sugar; but I don't; and I don't take cigars neither, 'cause smoking makes me sick."

"Do you ever treat the boys?"

Here the lad hung down his head, and did not seem inclined to answer. His father, however, pressed the question. At last the boy said, "Only once."

"And where did you get the money that you treated with only once?"

Again the lad was silent; and again the question was sternly pressed by the father.

"O father, father!" said the weeping child, "I'll never do so again."

"But where did you get the money? I know you sometimes have a little change, but you always tell me how you spend it. Now, I want to know where you got the money with which you treated the boys?"

"Father, I'll never do so again; I have always

been sorry ever since; I am sure I will never do it again."

"Tell me, William, like an honest, truthful boy; tell me where you got the money; did you steal it?" said the father, in a voice tremulous and husky.

"I did not think it was stealing, father; it was the shilling that mother lost; I found it in the bed-room; and if Bill Brown had not stumped me, and dared me the day before—said I was never able to treat—I should have given the shilling back to mother. But I'll never do so again, father; I don't care what the boys say."

"Go into the house, William, and come to me again in half an hour."

"You see, Mr. Tracy," said the lawyer, as the boy left the office, "you see how this Moloch of civilization secures its victims. While millions of money and thousands of men are devoted to the overthrow of deities, who now and then ask an offering of human flesh, a deity is cherished and law-protected in our midst, whose blasting eye is upon all, from infancy to hoary age, seeking, always seeking whom he may devour. Men give their dollars for the salvation of the heathen, and

their law-making powers for the destruction of their own children. They will plead eloquently for Greek and Hungarian, while they bind and scourge and damn the fruit of their own loins. As the Lord liveth, Mr. Tracy, and as thy soul liveth, every man is a constructive murderer, who by word or deed perpetuates this system of double destruction."

"It's awful," said Tracy; "I wish that Ben Bullard were in—in—I won't say where; but he must be a very bad man. I'm thankful my boys don't live near a tavern. Ben must be worse than a heathen."

"Ben Bullard is a very wise man," said the lawyer—doing a lawful business; a very necessary part of that business is to keep up the supply of victims. A few short years, and the present hell-devoted army, that maniac host of hopeless men, would pass away, but for the recruiting services that secures the infant on leaving the breast of its mother. Ben Bullard acts wisely; community is given into his hands as a lawful prey, for which he has paid a price; the law must do him justice—must give him his pound of flesh. If we feel disposed to sacrifice our children, what is that

to Ben Bullard? If we complain, he will laugh; if we intreat, he will spurn; if we threaten, he points to the statute-book and mocks at our sufferings."

"I'll go home," said Tracy; "I'll go home; no use to talk about prosecuting a man for doing the very business you have set him about. I'll go home and split rails. Hurrah for UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE."

Two weeks from the day that Tom Springer's child was buried, another funeral train is seen passing slowly through the streets of the village. It was more numerously attended, and a something like horror mingled with grief, sat on every face. It is not now the infant, in its innocence, being carried to the soft repose of the narrow house; it is the aged suicide, driven into the presence of his Maker by the scorpion lash of an awakened conscience; it is Jeremiah Ironside, the village blacksmith. Twenty and eight years had the ring of his anvil greeted the ears of the villagers, and, notwithstanding his one great failing, he was very generally respected. Laborious and obliging, strictly honest in all business transactions, a kind and sympathizing man, all said,

"What a pity that Ironside will drink." He had brought up a large family under better government than is often the case where the father is an inebriate. Much of this, however, was no doubt owing to the mother, who was one of the best of womankind, an uncomplaining martyr; sustained alone by a deep-toned faith and confidence in God. Poor woman! that heart of thine is full of wounds, but the last is the deepest; while the laws of that country, for which your father shed his blood, hath made you a widow, and your children orphans.

When Mr. Ironside was left alone, on the day that Deacon Bowers made him acquainted with the unhappy circumstances of his daughter, and the part he had played in the ruin of Robert Bowers, the poor man was fairly convulsed with remorse. He had destroyed his own child by putting the cup to *his* mouth who should have been her sustainer and comforter through life. He had sent young Robert Bowers—a man whom he had always loved with the heart of a father—to a prison-house, and his own brother to a felon's cell; how many more were on their way to dishonor and death through his means, he knew

not. As the fearful past rose and thickened before his mind, he fell from the bench on which he was seated. Lying on the floor in a state of insensibility, and apparently dead, he was found by a man who chanced to enter the shop. Others were called in; water was brought, and while some busied themselves bathing his face and hands, one man hurried to the tavern, returning soon with, as he said, "A drop of the very best French brandy." By chafing and bathing, partial consciousness had returned. The blacksmith opened his eyes, and made an effort to speak, but seemed unable, when the man with the bottle said:

"Mr. Ironside, here is some medicine; you must take it right down, and it will set you right up."

The blacksmith, whose mind was a perfect chaos, without remark or hesitation, took the dose, and in a few minutes said, "he felt much better."

"Then you must take a little more of the cure-all," said the man, as he poured nearly a gill of the liquor into the old tin cup, with just enough of the water to take off the wire edge.

Soon after the second drink, the blacksmith said "he felt quite well—did not know what the dickens had come over him; supposed it was just a kind of faintness." By the time the pint of brandy was discussed, Mr. Ironside felt so well, and so very thankful to the men who had taken care of him, that he insisted they must take his treat, ."and I won't," said he, "take no for an answer."

Unfortunately, one of the men was a full-grown toper, who very readily accepted the invitation; while the others, though not strictly temperate, declined.

That night, Mr. Ironside and his worthy companion slept in a filthy corner of Ben Bullard's bar-room. Long before day, the two awoke, with appetites fierce and raging.

"I must have rum," said the man, "I must have rum, or I shall die; where is Uncle Ben?"

"Rouse him up," said Ironside; "rouse him up, tell him the house is on fire; that will rouse him, he's spleeny about fire,—don't know why, but Ben is very spleeny about fire."

"Ben don't like the thoughts of fire, I dare say; he knows," said the man, as he began to

thump upon the door that opened into the sleeping room of the landlord, accompanying each blow with, "Fire, fire!"

Whether it was the fear of fire, or the love of money, that operated most upon Mr. Bullard, we cannot say; but he is soon at his post kindling that fire that burns to the lowest hell.

For three days and nights, Mr. Ironside remained at the tavern, in a state of beastly intoxication. His poor wife came again and again, pleading with him. His children came, but all to no purpose. On the evening of the third day some friends of the family went and brought him away by force; with a good deal of trouble he was got to bed, and soon fell into a deep sleep, which continued a few hours, and was the last until he slept the sleep of death. The history of the succeeding six days and nights can never be truthfully described, all was so full of the horrible. At one time he would conceive himself to be in hell, while his wife, in the shape of a demon, was blowing the fire in which he was wasting. Then his daughter and her husband were thrusting red-hot iron bars into his bowels, while a crowd of boys, with

Robert Bowers at their head, were chasing him with long knives, and trying to stick at his heart. Again, he would see his brother Charles coming with a great chain, to bind and cast him into a sevenfold hotter furnace of liquid fire. Then, Tom Springer would come and fling his little dead child in his face, which he would try to dodge. Soón the whole scene would change, and he would laugh, and cry, and blaspheme, until exhausted, when a few hours of partial composure would follow. This state of things, with slight modification, continued until the evening of the sixth day, when he appeared more calm and rational than at any time since he was brought from the tavern. He said little, seemed drowsy, and, for the first time, hopes were entertained of his recovery. Indeed, so very quiet did he remain through the early part of the night, that his watchers suffered themselves to fall asleep. About two o'clock in the morning they awoke, and, to their astonishment, found their charge had made his escape: the bed was empty, but still warm. The family was called up; every room in the house carefully searched; but all to no purpose. Next, the out-houses and the

shop were examined; the neighbors were aroused, and every hole and corner of the whole village searched with lanterns, but nothing was discovered of the missing man.

About daylight, some one went to draw water from a well that was near the house of Mr. Ironside; the man was surprised to find that the bucket would not sink; but not until he had tried in various ways to solve the problem, did the truth flash upon his mind. The well was deep and narrow; Mr. Ironside was large and fleshy, making it doubtful whether, if found, he could be drawn out without mutilation. A man was let down, who after much labor succeeded in fastening a rope around the body, directly under the arm-pits. A few minutes more, and the dark, haggard face of the suicide rose above the well-curb, sending a thrill of horror through the heart of every beholder.

In due time they bore him to his place of rest, and close by the side of Springer's child, waiting the sound of the last trump, sleeps the hoary victim of that law made and long sustained by priest and people.

Mrs. Ironside was unable to attend the funeral.

Indeed, she had not left her bed for several days, and her physician said she might drop off at any moment, as all her powers were prostrated. By her bedside sat the warm-hearted Mrs. Bradshaw, and the no less kindly Mrs. Springer, who, for the last two weeks, had gained much strength. Her husband having remained sober ever since the death of their child, she had begun to hope, tremblingly.

"Ah," she said, to Mrs. Bradshaw, "Mr. Ironside looked so sorrowful and sober on the day that my little Billy was buried, that I felt sure that he was a reformed man."

"Thee does well to think charitably, and hopefully, Hannah, but the notion of reforming and saving the inebriate under existing circumstances is a foolish notion, and one of the greatest deceptions that the devil ever played off upon rational beings. Thee looks astonished at me, Hannah, but I tell thee it is true; all written down on the page of history. It was first thought if the rising generation could be saved, the confirmed drunkards would die off by and by, so we all went to work to keep the children pure. But after many years of labor we saw there was a

mistake somewhere, for drunkards continued to be as numerous as ever. Thousands died every year, and yet the ranks seemed as full as ever. The mistake was at last thought to be discovered, and great indeed was the joy of all good men when the discovery was made. The drunkard can be saved, became the watch-cry all over the world; and we did think, Hannah, when Satan began to cast out Satan, his kingdom could not stand very long. So we all rejoiced, and stayed up the hands of the reformed inebriates, who went about every where preaching the doctrine of repentance and reformation. Well, it did some good; no doubt some died in their right mind, who would otherwise have died drunkards. Still the great mass had no strength; after the first powerful excitement had passed away, they returned like the dog to the vomit, and so, Hannah, there was another mistake somewhere. The friends of temperance still thought it would never do to give it up, but what to do next was a question hard to answer. By and by, some one discovered the power of secret associated action, and soon the whole country was filled with 'sons' and 'daughters of temperance.' To

tell the truth, Hannah, I had my misgivings about this movement, but thought I would wait and see. So I waited and watched, and saw the evil increasing day by day; this was the third mistake somewhere."

Poor Hannah looked the picture of despair; she had begun to hope that Tom might reform, and be again a kind good husband and father, but Mrs. Bradshaw had nearly crushed that sweet sustaining hope.

Mrs. Ironside, who, though apparently asleep, had been an attentive listener to the conversation, now raised herself in bed, and said, with considerable emotion, "It's all true, what Mrs. Bradshaw says—all true, every word; my poor husband tried as hard as any man to reform, and some ten years ago he was over six months at one time that he never drank a glass of liquor, but something threw him in the way of temptation, and he could not withstand. He joined the Sons of Temperance, and I felt sure then; but ah, it did not continue long, he went to a raising, and came home very much disordered with liquor. From that time I don't think he ever tried to reform, he got discouraged

with himself, and, oh dear, oh dear, sad has been the end! I have this to say for him, he was always kind in his family, drunk or sober, and yet I do think that I suffered more on his account because he was kind, than if he had been cross. I loved him more and pitied him more. He never gave me an angry word in thirty-eight long years, but O, how I suffered every day, every day, on his account. He was a kind man to everybody, he would have given his last loaf to any one in need. Don't you think, Mrs. Bradshaw, there may be hope for him?—God is very merciful, you know, Mrs. Bradshaw; don't you think there is some hope for him?"

"God is merciful," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "and it would ill become me, or any other mortal, to limit the Holy One of Israel. He will do right by thy sorely tried and tempted husband, and I think it would be well pleasing to him if thee should feel reconciled, and be instructed by thy great affliction. Thee has yet duties to perform; great responsibilities rest upon thy head; thee may speak a kindly word to the despairing, do a kindly deed to the friendless and needy; thee may instruct the ignorant, and give strength to the

weak and wavering. Thee must not spend thy remaining days, friend Ironside, in grieving for thy loss, thee is yet in possession of God's chief blessing, the power to do good. Be strong, be thankful, be hopeful."

"Ah, Mrs. Bradshaw, you don't understand the cause of my grief. I cannot bring back the dead, I mourn his loss, and his fearful end breaks my heart, yet I have other griefs heavier than all. You cannot feel as I feel, Mrs. Bradshaw, you have buried all your children, mine are all alive, they may be tempted as their father was, live as he lived, and fall as he fell; you cannot tell, Mrs. Bradshaw, how a mother of living children feels."

Hannah Springer turned her head away, and wept bitterly.

Mrs. Bradshaw laid down her knitting work, and after a short pause, said, "I wish I could speak a word of comfort to all the mothers in the world, and I do think this can now be done, I think I can bid wives and mothers now lift up their heads, for the day of their redemption draweth nigh. The true Sun of Temperance has arisen in the East, and its shining will be to the

West, the whole earth will be filled with its glory. All former mistakes have been discovered. We shall no longer have to warn the young—lift up the inebriate, or plead with the rumseller to give over his damning traffic. No, no, Mrs. Ironside; no, no, Hannah Springer! There will be no more murdered fathers, no more beggared children, the demon has nearly done his work!"

"Bless the good Lord," said Hannah Springer. "What is it? how is it? who is going to save us?"

"Thee has not heard, Hannah, of NEAL DOW; thee has not heard of the Maine Law; thee does not know that the whole country is about to speak, to demand protection for fathers, mothers, and children. How could thee know all this, Hannah; the drunkard's wife knows nothing but want, woe, suffering and death. I tell thee, Hannah, just as sure as thee is a mother, just so sure will thee and thy children be protected by the laws of thy country. This is the 'good time a-coming.'"

"When, oh when," said Mrs. Ironside, "when will it come, when will the Lord appear, to save

and deliver? are you sure it will come, Mrs. Bradshaw, are you sure?"

"It will come, Margaret Ironside, but thee has to get up and work, thee has got to help, and Hannah has got to help, and every woman that ever nursed a child has got to help. Thee has got to talk to thy sons, Margaret, and thee to thy husband, Hannah, and ye must both talk in love, and keep talking until ye have talked the Maine Law into their hearts, and the right ballot into their hands, then may ye sing the world's jubilee—'Glory to God on earth, and good will to men.'" Tears of joy gushed from the sunken eyes of poor Hannah Springer, as she said, in a solemn manner—

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

"I feel better," said Mrs. Ironside, "I feel stronger, I think I am able to get up now."

"Thee must be a little careful, Margaret," said the considerate Mrs. Bradshaw; "thy body is weak, thee will do well to be careful."

"Well," said Margaret, "perhaps I had better be careful You will call again, Mrs. Bradshaw,

and you, too, Hannah. God bless you both for your kindness. Give my respects to your husband, Hannah; tell him to call and see me; Tom Springer has a kindly heart, when he is Tom Springer."

"I'll tell him to call," said Hannah, "and you will speak to him about the Maine Law—won't you, Mrs. Ironside?"

"If I am able to speak three words, Mrs. Springer, two will be about the Maine Law. Tom will vote right, I know he will."

Six weeks passed away, during which the Lawyer, Deacon Bowers, and the Minister, had labored unceasingly to secure the attention of men, and bring them forward understandingly to the ballot-box. Mr. Floss lectured and talked in season and out of season; while his friends would say, "Why, Floss, you are overdoing yourself, you will break down."

"Never mind," said Floss, "if a thousand men break down, so the fence goes up, I see the handwriting upon the wall, and it reads, 'Now or never.' The day of judgment is near at hand, when every man in the State, will have his character as fully tested by the ballot-box. No

dodging now, gentlemen: the man who votes the continuance of the liquor traffic, votes infamy upon his own head and house forever."

Thus discoursed Mr. Floss, as he stood with a few friends at his office door, while the village seemed all astir with some unusual event. Groups of men and women were gathering in from the surrounding country, while flags and streamers waved from many a house-top and window.

It is the day of the Mass Maine Law meeting—the largest church in the village is secured for the occasion, and distinguished speakers are to be present.

Ben Bullard has run up a new flag to the mast-head of the liberty-pole that stands by his door. Let us read the motto on that streamer. "God and my rights." Horrible; will the lightning of heaven slumber above such blasphemy? will the tree sacred to liberty give forth to the sunlight a profanation so damning that the blood of the child curdles as he reads? Wait a little, Ben will get his rights; let him be patient.

At an early hour the large church was filled

to its utmost capacity, while many who could obtain neither a sitting nor a standing inside, congregated about the doors and open windows. The church was beautifully decorated with banners and evergreens; and from the heart-touching character of the devices, it was evident the hand of woman had been there. Suspended from the ceiling above the speaker's platform, was a large canvass, on which was represented the figure of a woman sitting on a broken chair; she was pale, ragged, and with hair dishevelled; the expression of the face was that of perfect hopelessness and despair. Above her head was an infant's coffin, being borne aloft in the hands of two angelic beings; while over all is written, in large characters, *Woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth, because of Rum!* On the left hand of the speaker was the representation of three men: two were digging a grave, while the third held with both hands a large chair, one end of which was made fast round a barrel, while from the bung-hole issued a red stream, lettered "*The Blood of Hearts!*" One of the diggers is saying, "*We'll bury thee deep, Demon of Darkness!*" On the right of the platform was

a beautiful landscape painting; the church and school-house, the mill, factory and steamboat; while the farmer is prostrating his golden grain. Men, women and children, presenting every phase of happiness and usefulness, are tastefully brought out in the body of the picture; and the broad sun, just rising, bears on his disc, "*The Maine Law.*"

In front of the speaker's platform were five full-length oak rails, put up in fence form. On the bottom rail was inscribed, "*The State of Maine.*" A strong, heavy, well-proportioned rail, lay on the platform just outside of the fence, to which every eye was directed. Speaker after speaker addressed the meeting, amid cheers for the future, and tears for the past.

At last, from behind the other speakers a man arose, coming to the front of the platform, and leaning his hand upon the top rail of the fence, looked mournfully over the vast assembly that sat in stillness before him. The man, though very thin and pale, was instantly recognized by many who had known him from childhood. There he stood, struggling to master his feelings, and for a time the conflict seemed doubtful. A

few burning tears, however, came to his relief. The spell was broken, and Robert Bowers begged the attention of every man who regarded the life of his fellow man.

"Five days have only passed," said the speaker, "since he on whom you now look, left the cell of a felon, not branded in the hand, not with law's condemning sentence on his forehead, but with feelings crushed, character stained, constitution destroyed, and heart broken. Do you ask what hath wrought this ruin? You know the answer—rum! law-protected rum.

"Many present remember me, a once happy, hopeful boy. And I remember many an aged face that looks upon me—a hopeless, fallen man. Weep not, my friends, I know what your hearts are saying. I know what your lips would say: Poor, poor Robert Bowers. I thank you, fathers and mothers of my native village. I thank you for your tears; would to God I was worthy of them. I thank you.

"And now let me tell you the story of my guilt and of my sufferings. You think I fell before the strong temptation of a city life: I tell you nay; for long before I left your quiet

and comparatively sober village, I had formed the appetite for strong drink; but I knew it not. Were the dead alive, I might speak of the manner this appetite was formed. But I respect the feelings of the living, and the dust of the dead. I respect the memory of him whose mistaken kindness has blasted my hopes and embittered my life. I don't say I should have remained pure had I gone to the city with temperate habits fully formed. Who, who can remain uncontaminated, where the atmosphere is loaded with moral pestilence? Who can remain sober amid ten thousand dram-shops? Had I a son, I should almost as soon smother him in his cradle, as expose him to a city life, where every other door almost is a dram-shop, and all according to law.

"City intemperance is a very different thing from what we meet with in the country. In the city, they that be drunken are drunken in the night. Seldom do business men drink until after business—about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. The clerk, who is often confined until a late hour, takes the early part, and sometimes the whole of the night. Yet, so long as he is

found at counter and desk, capable of attending to business, no questions are asked, where or how he spent the night.

"Though possessed of a strong constitution, this kind of life was beginning to make rapid inroads upon my health. I knew I was going down, I knew it well, but had no power to stay the progress of my course.

"One morning I returned to my lodgings about two o'clock. I was arrested by two officers, who had been in the house for hours waiting my return. I was astonished, and a little sobered.

"In answer to my inquiries, I was informed the charge against me was for abstracting money from the funds of my employers, 'and,' said one of the men, 'your habits appear to justify the charge.'

"I felt the full force of this remark, and it made me weak. I looked guilty—I felt guilty. Appearances were against me, and the very companions who shared in my midnight revels stood up against me. Circumstances pointed strongly toward me as the thief, and I was committed to await trial.

"For eight long weeks I lay the inmate of a

prison, with the charge of felony upon my head. From the first I determined to make no effort to remove the charge; the fact is, I had begun to get alarmed at my increasing appetite for rum; and above all things, I dreaded the idea of dying a confirmed inebriate. I had tried to reform long before my arrest; I signed the pledge; was told by many it was all-powerful—sure salvation!

"It was of no use; brandy was everywhere around me, strong habit dragged me back—I fell deeper and deeper. Now in passion, and though burning with indignation at my supposed guilt, strange as it may appear, I wished for conviction. 'If I go to State's Prison,' I said, 'I shall be safe there; the law will protect me from rum; the destroyer cannot reach me through strong walls and iron-barred windows. I shall have time to repent before God, and may obtain forgiveness.'

"While indulging in these reflections, I thought it strange that nowhere on the wide continent of America could man find an asylum where the rum-fiend dare not enter but in the cell of the criminal. My mind grew dark and moody; I could not bear to think of home—of my father and mother—of my schoolmates and early asso-

ciates; I strove to make my prison-room my world—to have no thought beyond its walls.

"A beloved uncle procured counsel, brought a lawyer to my cell; I refused to say or do anything in the matter; I told them plainly that I was innocent, but wished to be found guilty; they thought me mad, while I felt more perfectly rational than I had been for years. For eight weeks I lay with scarce a visitor but my jailer, my uncle, and my deeply-afflicted father, who left the peace and quiet of his village home to minister spiritual comfort to an unworthy son.

"About noon last Friday my prison-door was thrown open, and I was told to walk out. I found my former employers waiting outside to receive me and to explain the mystery. The real thief, by a most wonderful train of circumstances, has been discovered—confessed his guilt, and the part he had taken in directing suspicion towards myself.

"My employers made all the restitution in their power, pressed me to enter their warehouse again at an advanced salary. 'As soon,' I replied, 'as I can have the same protection against the seductions of the rumseller outside as I can inside

the jail; when I can have this, I may again take upon myself the responsibility of business. It would be dangerous,' I said, 'to employ me; though found innocent to-day, I might be found guilty to-morrow.'

"I left the city, and sought my father's house, and God be thanked that I am this day permitted to stand amid my father's friends, and the friends of my early life. I stand here to bid you God-speed! If ever there was an insult offered to common sense, it is found in that law that for a price permits one man to tempt and slay his brother. Such a law should be found in a darker age than ours, or in lands where civilization and Christianity have never been known."

The speaker drew back a few steps, but his eye falling on the rail that lay outside of the fence he paused, and pointing his finger at the rail, said, "There lies New York, who will help to place her in the fence?" "We all will!" shouted the whole assembly, and instantly six strong young men jumped upon the platform, and laid hold of the rail, and amid cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, up went New York, a most glorious rail for UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE.

PART II.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE.

PART II.

On the morning after the mass meeting, Deacon Bowers found every tree in his fine young orchard girdled; not one had escaped. The front of Elder Stillson's house was covered with obscene charcoal sketches. The horse of Lawyer Floss, a noble steed, was shorn of mane and tail, while poor Mrs. Bradshaw's flower-garden, in which were many rare and choice plants, was found nearly demolished. The sufferers understood the meaning of all this, and were at no loss to determine the quarter from whence the villainous transaction emanated.

Deacon Bowers was a man of great mildness and much forbearance, but on this occasion he felt his quiet spirit a good deal ruffled. He could not

help being angry to have valuable property, which he had tended and watched for years, thus wantonly and maliciously destroyed. In the first burst of his wrath he sought the office of Mr. Floss, resolved on legal proceedings. The lawyer heard this tale of sorrow and loss with much apparent gravity, then with a half-comic laugh said, "Well, Mr. Bowers, we are told that misery loves company; you are not the only individual who has been honored with extraordinary attention during the night; my horse has lost both tail and mane; Mrs. Bradshaw has had her beautiful flower-garden ruined; and your worthy pastor has been grossly insulted. So, you see, we have all been remembered in rum's rewards—all highly honored."

"I can't speak," said the deacon, as he stared at Floss. "I can't find words to express my feelings. Can nothing be done to bring the ruffianly perpetrators to justice? They must be punished, Mr. Floss; it will never do to let such things go unpunished."

"Sir," said the lawyer, "if you could identify the perpetrators, and could fix guilt upon them by the testimony of a thousand witnesses, I would

still say, let the matter alone; do not even whisper your suspicions outside of your bed-chamber."

"I don't understand you," said the deacon. "What is law good for, if ——"

"Good for nothing," said Floss, with a bitter smile; "good for nothing against the rum power."

"Well, well," said the deacon, "a man must be robbed of his property, and can get no redress; that's a great idea surely; too great for my comprehension. Are you going to sit down by the injury you have received? are you going to let it go so, Mr. Floss?"

"Most certainly," said Floss; "if I had found my horse dead, I should have skinned and buried him, and said nothing."

"Then you think it all right, do you, Lawyer Floss?"

"It is of no consequence, sir, what I think, or what you think, or what the law says on this point. We have abundant evidence that a power is over us which laughs at the majesty of law, and tramples under foot every precept of moral truth and right—a power that is paramount, defying heaven and earth, and glorying in its might. We are under this power, deacon, and should it

be pleased to make itself felt in the mutilation of orchards, horses, or gardens, or in the destruction of soul and body and spirit, we must bear—we have no means of escape. Do you believe that the powers that be are ordained of God, Mr. Bowers?"

"I don't believe that God ever ordained the powers that girdled my apple-orchard," said the deacon. "Such ordination is from the devil, I think."

"Well," said Mr. Floss, seriously, "this ruffianly rum power is our master, and should you be able to convict and punish the wretches who have destroyed your property, what then? The next night you might have your house burned down, or your cattle poisoned, or your life endangered. Just listen to a paragraph copied from the 'Cincinnati Atlas' into the 'Journal,' of Friday:

"'A party of drunken rowdies went up Rose Hill, and, with picks and axes, demolished a beautiful summer-house belonging to Mr. Jacob Dice, and scattered the contents over the lot. They then, with stones and clubs, damaged his house and tore up his shrubbery. They then tore down the fence of Mr. Ross, and blockaded the road

leading up the hill; and every one that came along in carriages, they stopped, and in several instances beat them shamefully, broke their vehicles, and, loosening their horses, would start them up or down the hill, all owing to which way they came. One man, a servant in the employ of Lawyer Scott, was beaten so shamefully that his recovery is extremely doubtful.'

"You see, Deacon Bowers, how completely the whole community lies at the feet of the brutal rum power. We must bear in silence whatever that power is pleased to inflict, lest a worse thing come upon us."

The deacon took his hat, not much more resigned or mollified in feelings than when he entered; but said, "Just as sure as I'm a living man, Mr. Floss, if the Maine Law don't come to York, one Yorker will go to Maine pretty quick."

"No, no," said the lawyer, "that will never do; we must not give up nor desert the ship; we must hang on, and grunt till we get it."

"Grunt," said the deacon, "we are likely to groan as well as grunt, until we do get it: good morning, sir."

The minister, by the aid of soap-suds and scrub-

bing-brush, had succeeded at an early hour in removing the offensive matter from the front of his house, saying to his wife, who felt somewhat out of humor:

"It's well, my dear, that things are no worse; we have reason to be thankful."

"You seem to take it very coolly," said the good lady, "but for my part I think such things are a disgrace to the whole village. I can't help being angry."

"Why, my dear, would you be angry at the water for running down hill, or the tree for growing upwards? Everything follows the law of its nature, and rum cannot be an exception: it will be true to its character. If you should hear that Benjamin Bullard and his customers were feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, distributing the Bible, and teaching Sabbath-schools, would you believe a word of it?"

"Not a word of it; Satan don't cast out Satan."

"No, neither can his nature be changed; but it appears he can be bound, so as to be rendered powerless. We cannot change the nature of alcohol, but we can law-bind him, and feel safe. I hope our good brother Bowers will be able to

bear his portion with patience; he has received a serious injury, sustained a great loss. We have been insulted, it is true; but it don't break our heads, and ought not to come nigh our hearts. We ought to thank God for his restraining mercy. I am very sorry for the deacon, and sorry for our dear friend, Mrs. Bradshaw, she loved her flowers so much. Beautiful things they were; fragrant as the odor of her own deeds of mercy; soft and spotless, like her own pure heart of sympathy and love. Oh, it was a deed of utter heartlessness; such as a sober savage would never have done."

Mrs. Bradshaw did feel her loss keenly, but not a murmur escaped her lips. As she labored with her own hands to save, if possible, some of her choicest roots, Tom Springer, having heard what had happened, came to her assistance; and, after expressing his sorrow, took the hoe from her hand, saying:

"I can do such work better than you can, Mrs. Bradshaw."

"Thomas," said the lady, "thee is very kind: thee can assist me greatly in clearing this wreck."

"Don't feel bad, Mrs. Bradshaw," said Tom;

"don't feel bad, if you can help it. But I swow, it is too bad."

"Thomas," said Mrs. B., "thee knows the heart must have something to love, that it calls its own. And thee knows that all my beautiful human flowers are in the grave; and thee knows how much comfort I have taken in watering, watching, and training those pretty buds and blossoms. Thee will not blame me, Thomas, for being a little grieved."

"I don't blame you," said Tom, "but never mind; I think I know the chaps that done it, and maybe they will hear from me some day. Maybe they may get a shaking when they don't think of it."

"Nay, Thomas, nay; thee has got a very wrong spirit. Thee must never render evil for evil. If thee could shake the rum-demon out of the poor creatures by kind words, and good counsel, I should rejoice; a sinner converted is a soul saved, and the multitude of sins is covered."

"Mrs. Bradshaw," said Tom, "I wish I could feel and think, and speak and act, just like you. But it is not in me, Mrs. Bradshaw. I try and

try, but I find I ain't what I would like to be; yet, I thank God I'm not what I used to be."

"I am glad thee has a right sense of thy former condition, Thomas. I am glad that thou art thankful to thy Heavenly Parent for thy present salvation. Thee must walk softly, and watch unto prayer. When thee looks upon the rose coming back to the face of thy Hannah, and on the bright eyes and fresh lips of thy beautiful children—thy flowers of Paradise—thee must be a happy man, Thomas Springer."

Thomas made no reply. Indeed, the poor fellow's heart was too full for words. He had marked the change in his wife and children, spoken of by Mrs. Bradshaw, and the heart of the father swelled with gratitude. He had remained perfectly sober since the death of his child. Lawyer Floss and Deacon Bowers had furnished him with employment, giving good pay and good counsel—staying him up on every hand with words of brotherly kindness.

Great, indeed, was the transformation in the family of Springer. His wife was, by nature, possessed of a buoyant temperament, a healthy

cheerfulness, which ordinary ills could never sadden. The native tone of her mind had in a great measure returned, although the dark shadow of the past, and some tremblings for the future, would at times fall like a dismal spectre on her brightening path. Still, hope triumphed, as she silently but fervently prayed for the enactment of the Maine Law. When she prayed, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth," the Maine Law was always before her mind as the only answer—long waited for by millions of broken hearts.

The children of Thomas Springer were such as any father on earth might be proud of and rejoice over. The boy was manly and intellectual beyond his years—giving better promise of becoming a President than a pauper; while the girls were beautiful and loving creatures, without, apparently, one jarring element in their constitution.

Thomas toiled the greater part of the day in the garden of Mrs. Bradshaw, receiving from her lips many a word of kindly Christian encouragement. Still, her eloquence failed to convince him that it would be wrong to inflict

corporeal punishment on the scoundrels who had done so vile a deed. While listening patiently to the pacific admonitions of his friend, he at the same time secretly determined to take vengeance. His own rum experience had given him considerable knowledge; if not of the most desirable character, yet in some things it enabled him to guess with unerring certainty. "I know," he said to himself, "I know who has done this mean piece of villainy, just as well as if I had seen them do it, and I'll pay them for it before they are six months older."

Although Mr. Springer was able to keep his own secret in the presence of his peace-loving friend Mrs. Bradshaw, he was not equally master of himself in the society of others. Tom, like many other simple, honest-hearted men, thought all who professed to love the cause of temperance, and to abhor that which was wrong, would approve his purpose, especially as he heard such say the rascals ought to be hanged, hanging is too good for them: "Never mind," Tom would say, "they will get some, one of these days. You see I know the very chaps that do such kind of work, and I know how and where they

get their pay. Ben Bullard keeps a free list; but it ain't every noodle-head that gets on to that list; it ain't the men that get dead drunk neither, but such as can be depended upon when occasion requires, such as—as, but I don't call names."

Thus would Springer converse, only in the presence, as he thought, of the friends of temperance, law, and order: men who deprecated, as fully as himself, the felonious transactions that had taken place. Yet, strange to say, all his words were regularly reported at the bar of the Spread Eagle. Bill Bently, and the son of the Widow Spencer, appeared to be particularly interested in these reports, making quite merry at what they called Tom's balderdash; remarking, however, that "Springer had better mind his own business if he knows when he is well off."

The nine days' wonder had been talked away, and the everyday routine of village life moved quietly on. Only two drunken rows had occurred at the Spread Eagle in three weeks, and Deacon Bowers said he really thought the mass-meeting had done good, if it did cost him an apple orchard worth some hundreds. Mrs. Bradshaw's

roots and flowers began to give signs of remaining life, while the tail and mane of the lawyer's horse were doing well. Good news from abroad in relation to the advancing cause cheered the friends of temperance, repaying them abundantly for all their toils and loss. Though the surface of things in the village looked smooth and hopeful, the alcoholic under-current was darkly paving the way for future scenes of blood and death.

One Friday afternoon Deacon Bowers called upon his pastor, desiring that he would accompany him on a visit to the Widow Spencer. "For," said he, "I hear that she is down sick, and that her son grows worse and worse, out almost every night, or playing cards and drinking rum with that worthless scamp, Bently, in the very room, too, where his broken-hearted mother lies sick a-bed. I'm sure," continued the deacon, "I don't know what can be done with that young man; he will, I fear, be the murderer of his mother. But put on your hat, elder, and we'll go over and see how things are with the poor creature. I have got a bit of fresh meat in my basket, and some other comforting notions, for I'm think-

"Are you?" said the lady. "I do wish I could go with you; but the Widow Ironside sent word that she would call upon me this afternoon. I have got some little matters, however, that I would like to send."

"Put them into the basket," said the deacon; "put them in—I'll carry them with much pleasure."

The articles were soon brought, but on lifting the lid of the basket, the lady said, "Why, deacon, the basket is full already; there is no room for anything more."

"Full!" said Mr. Bowers, advancing to the table where the basket stood, and looking a little puzzled. "That is Jane's work," he said; "I remember she carried off the basket after her mother had fixed it, saying she would put up the things a little more tidy. All right, all right, Sister Stillson; I'm glad my daughter has got that kind of a heart." The old man wiped his eyes, and seemed for a moment lost in thought. At last he said, "There's my bandanna," and drawing from his pocket a carefully folded handkerchief, "just put your notions into that pocket handkerchief, Mrs. Stillson, and I'll carry them

carefully, and," he continued, "I'll make the elder take turn about with me."

This arrangement seemed to meet the mind of all parties, and a walk of forty minutes brought Mr. Stillson and the deacon to the cottage of Widow Spencer.

The elder knocked, listened, and knocked again. Very soon they heard a faint "Come in." The two entered, and found things much as the deacon had been informed. The widow was down sick. "Not," she said, "confined altogether to bed, but I have frequently to lie down and rest; I am still able," she continued, "to do what little work has to be done in the house, although it worries me much more than it used to."

"Well, Sister Spencer," said the elder, "do you still find God a sustainer and comforter?"

"O yes!" she replied, "a very present help. I have great reason to be more than thankful; though the waters are deep, they don't overflow. The best friends of my dear Redeemer left him to struggle alone in the hour of his greatest need. But it's not so with me. Seldom a day passes but some kind brother or sister

comes to see me. May the Lord reward them for their kindness."

"Do you think a little doctor's medicine would help you, Sister Spencer?" said the deacon.

"Oh, no, Brother Bowers; I don't need medicine. There is no particular disease upon me. It's just a kind of sinking and wearing away. I can't tell you exactly how it is: a kind of heavy pressing down like about the heart. But it's all right, all right. I hope I shall have patience and resignation to bear all that the Lord may see needful. I feel it sweet to lie low at the foot of the Cross—it's a safe and a sweet place, Brother Bowers. Have you heard anything about the Maine Law, elder, since I saw you last? Have you heard anything more about it?"

"Oh, yes," said the elder; "we have cheering news from all quarters. The law *must* pass."

"Are you sure?"

"I think there can be little or no doubt."

Tears gushed from the eyes of the poor, pale, heart-stricken, widowed mother; while the deacon searched every pocket for his bandanna. Disappointed in his search, he drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, saying:

"There, let them come; I wish I had tears enough to drown alcohol twice dead."

"Ah," said the minister, "the monster lives on tears. He has floated on a sea of tears and death-groans for ages; it is his natural element and aliment."

"Do you think, elder," said Mrs. Spencer, "do you think I can live to see the law pass, and made sure?"

"I sincerely hope, Sister Spencer, that you may not only live to see it pass, but that you may live to enjoy its blessed fruits."

"I cannot expect that, elder; I feel that my time is short; but, if I knew it had passed, I think I could die very happy. Still, I don't wish to have a will of my own; only, if it should be the Lord's will just to spare me long enough to see the law pass, O, how thankful I should be."

"I have got some little knick-knacks in my basket," said the deacon; "something that Sister Stillson and my wife sent. I'll just carry them into the pantry, shall I?"

"I thank you, deacon. Sister Stillson and Sister Bowers are very kind, indeed; and very

cheerfulness, which ordinary ills could never sadden. The native tone of her mind had in a great measure returned, although the dark shadow of the past, and some tremblings for the future, would at times fall like a dismal spectre on her brightening path. Still, hope triumphed, as she silently but fervently prayed for the enactment of the Maine Law. When she prayed, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth," the Maine Law was always before her mind as the only answer—long waited for by millions of broken hearts.

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I think he gets worse. Bently is with him almost every night of late; and what little he earns goes to the rumseller. I wish you and the elder would speak to him once more; it might do some good."

The two promised to use all their influence with the young man; and bidding the widow farewell, travelled homeward silent and sorrowful. It was beginning to grow dark. As they passed Bullard's corner, Bently and Spencer were standing at the farther end of the porch, apparently in earnest conversation; when they saw the minister and Deacon Bowers approaching, Bently hastily thrust something into his bosom pocket, and both walked into the bar-room.

"Did you see what that fellow had in his hand, which he concealed in his bosom so quickly?" said the minister.

"I thought it looked like a knife," said the deacon. "I hope they are not going to girdle orchards to-night."

"Should not be surprised," said Mr. Stillson, "if they end in girdling throats. Rum is of the devil, and he was a murderer from the beginning."

It is now ten o'clock at night. During the day, Tom Springer had been at work for Lawyer Floss, and had spent the evening reading Fox's Book of Martyrs. His wife and children had retired to rest, and he was preparing to follow, when some one knocked at the door. Springer opened, and was informed by a man who stood back from the light, that Lawyer Floss wished him to step down to his office for a moment.

"What is wanted?" said Tom; "I came from there about sundown."

"I don't know," said the stranger; "but he says you must come immediately."

Without hesitation, Springer put on his hat, told his wife where he was going, and left the house.

"I cannot think," he said to the man who walked by his side, "I cannot think what the lawyer wants of me at this hour."

"I don't know," said the man; "but you will soon find out."

Tom and his companion had now reached the farther corner of Mrs. Bradshaw's lot, when some person jumped the fence, struck the man who accompanied Springer two or three blows, and

fled into the darkness. The man uttered a wild scream, vaulted into the air, and falling, nearly prostrated Tom Springer.

"Ah! my God!" said the man, as he writhed in agony, "you have murdered *me*, Bill. You have murdered me instead of—of—" His voice failed; he was unable to finish the sentence, but made two or three abortive efforts to get upon his feet.

Springer was confounded; his tongue was paralyzed; his brain seemed on fire, while his blood felt like a stream of lava coursing his veins, and collecting thickly about his heart. At last, by a mighty effort, and in perfect frenzy, he shouted,

"Murder! murder! A man is murdered in the street!"

In a few moments men and women came running from all quarters to the spot where stood Mr. Springer, with haggard and death-like face, bending over a man weltering in blood, apparently dying if not dead. For a time the beholders stood like men bereft of their senses. "Who is he? who has done it?" was at length asked by every one at once. But none could

answer the question, until Lawyer Floss, holding his lantern close to the face of the murdered man, said:

"It is James Spencer—the Widow Spencer's son."

A physician having arrived, Spencer was removed to the house of Mrs. Bradshaw, it being nearest the scene of the assault. The body (for he appeared to be dead) being placed in a proper position, the surgical examination took place, in the presence of Robert Bowers, Mr. Floss, and Elder Stillson. The probe had the effect of arousing the man from the death-like swoon into which he had sunk; and having received a restorative, full consciousness returned. It was not long before the doctor pronounced his wounds fatal.

"He might live," he said, "a few hours, perhaps a day; but that was the utmost limit of life that could be expected; and he might die in five minutes."

Spencer listened to the decision with perfect calmness, and for some time seemed lost in thought. Raising his head a little, he stared wildly at the physician, and said:

"Can I live to see my mother? Can you not carry me to my mother, that I may die by her side?"

"You cannot live and be moved," said the doctor; "your mother must be brought to you, if you wish to see her before you die."

"That will be impossible," said Elder Stillson; "his mother can never be brought here alive. I saw her this afternoon, and she is, I think, near her end. This blow will finish the conflict with the poor martyr! This drop will make the cup run over."

"I must see my mother!" said the dying son. "I must have her forgiveness, or my soul will be thrice damned. I must, I will see her! Oh, mother, mother!"

Elder Stillson and Deacon Bowers, who had just entered the room, finally undertook the painful duty of carrying the dreadful tidings, that might prove the messenger of death to the enfeebled mother. Mr. Floss, in the character of a magistrate, questioned Spencer as to his suspicions or knowledge of the murderer. When asked if he knew who stabbed him, he said:

"Yes; I done it myself!"

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Floss.

"Nothing!" he replied. "Where is Bently? Where is Uncle Sam? Give me some gin! All a mistake—all my fault! On the wrong side—next the fence. Don't hang him! Tell him to come on!"

It was evident his mind wandered, and a short fainting fit now prevented his speaking for a few moments. When recovered, he said:

"Ah me! ah me! I have murdered my poor, loving mother. How long is hell? How hot is the fire that—that—Bill swore that he would not use the knife. Knock Springer down! A small glass, mother!"

Again he sank into a stupor, from which the physician feared he would not revive. In about ten minutes, however, he again opened his eyes. Mrs. Bradshaw, who had been employed from the first bathing his face and temples, now said:

"Poor erring child! Will thee try to look to the Lamb of God, whose blood can make thee clean from all thy pollution? Will thee try to flee to a Redeemer who saves to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him? Thou art the child of many an agonizing prayer. Look,

oh, look, thou erring one; look to thy mother's God, and he will pity, pardon, and save."

The wretched man lay convulsed with pain of body and remorse of conscience. A few hot tears came to his relief as he gazed with intense earnestness in the face of Mrs. Bradshaw. He lay gasping with fixed and glazing eye, and all concluded that the King of Terrors was untying the last cord that bound to life. The physician, feeling his pulse, said, "It is nearly over!" when, in an instant, he roused—screamed in a terrific voice—

"Mother, mother, I come!" and springing from the bed, staggered two or three steps—fell—and expired without a groan.

The Angel of Death hath done his work; but may we not trust the Angel of Mercy—the messenger of the covenant—came before? May we not hope that those few burning tears were the fruits of heart-repentance—the outward sign of a broken and contrite spirit—the gracious answer of a mother's prayers? We *do* hope. The Judge of all the earth will do right—will discriminate between the tempted and his tempter.

It was past midnight when Elder Stillson and

Mr. Bowers approached the dwelling of the Widow Spencer. They had walked in silence for some time; but as they drew near the cottage the minister said:

"Brother Bowers, I feel very faint. My strength is failing me. I must sit down for a moment."

The two accordingly seated themselves upon a wall that joined the house. After a short pause, the elder said:

"During twenty-five years of ministerial life I have had many a heart-crushing and painful duty to perform.

> By many a death-bed I have been,
> And many a sinner's parting seen;
> But never aught like this.'

I feel the task before us almost overwhelming. How *can* we awaken that poor, worn woman, and tell her such a tale? I don't think she can hear it and live. I don't know what to do."

"I am not competent," said the deacon, "to decide. I pray that God would guide us aright in this matter. The case is awful and urgent. It may be, after all, that the Lord will sustain her beyond our expectations."

"Hush!" said the minister, "I thought I heard

the feet of some one coming this way from the village!"

They listened. The footsteps sounded nearer and nearer, and soon through the darkness they discovered the outlines of a man advancing at a half-running pace. It was Robert Bowers, who had hurried off at the moment Spencer died, in hopes of overtaking his father and the minister, before they reached the house of the widow. Being informed of the death, they determined not to disturb the slumbers of the mother until a seasonable hour in the morning.

"Poor thing! let her tranquillity be lengthened out as much as possible," said Mr. Stillson; "the annihilating blow will come too soon when delayed to the longest."

By the time the men had returned to the house of Mrs. Bradshaw, the coroner had arrived, a jury was empannelled, and the inquest begun. After a careful investigation of all the circumstances, a verdict of murder, by some person or persons unknown, was rendered. From the half-coherent language of Spencer, and the testimony of Springer, suspicion was strongly directed towards Bently. The proper officers were there-

fore authorized to secure the suspected, wherever found.

On the day previous to the murder of young Spencer, a letter and newspaper were received at the village post-office, addressed to Patrick Milloony, care of Mr. Tracy. Patrick's eyes sparkled with joy, as he held the letter in his hand, turning it over and over, as he examined, with comic gravity, the superscription. Coming at last to the post-mark, "New York," "Och, bedad," said he, "but they have had a blessed, quick, and a pleasant passage, to the land of liberty; and maybe the children, poor things, will get a whole potato a piece now; and maybe Dinnis himself can get the second coat to his back, and keep a cow, and a pig, like a Christian; and maybe its Bridget herself that will be a happy woman. It's a blessed country intirely, this, Mr. Tracy," continued the Irishman, still devouring with his eyes the unopened letter; "a blissed country, when poor things can get the bite and the sup, and live like humans."

Mr. Milloony supposed, all this time, that the letter was from the husband of his only sister, Dennis Murphy, to whom he had forwarded

a sum of money to enable them to emigrate. When Patrick left Ireland, he made a solemn promise to his sister, that he would send money enough to bring the whole family out to America. While in the employ of Mr. Tracy, Milloony had saved every dollar; indeed, he had denied himself things that many would have considered indispensable. At first, he was looked upon by Tracy as of a penurious spirit; but on learning the reason of his strict economy, he admired and loved the true-hearted man. Three months prior to the time the letter was received, Patrick had redeemed his pledge, by forwarding a sum of money, not only sufficient to cover the passage across the ocean, but enough to bring them in comfort to that part of the country where he was himself located. For some weeks he had been in a state of great anxiety, fearful lest any one of a thousand mishaps might befall them on their journey.

"It's all right now, Mr. Tracy," he said, "Bridget and Dennis and the children, blessings on their little heads, will live like Christians, and be folks."

"But why don't you read your letter, Patrick?"

said Tracy; "why don't you find out what it says?"

"Give me time, Mister Tracy, give me time. You see, I don't want to have all the good things at once. They are safe in New York, that is certain," he said, again examining the post-mark. As, with extreme care, he began to break the seal, "Bedad," he said, "I wish I could read this same sweet letter, without breaking the pritty seal."

The opening of the letter was finally accomplished, and Patrick, running his eye rapidly over the written page, handed it to Mr. Tracy, saying, "I'm a kind of flusterated, Mister Tracy, will you have the goodness to read this sweet epistle, so we can know what it says, and when they arrived."

Mr. Tracy took the letter, and a glance at the first paragraph induced him to read the whole in silence; remarking to Patrick, that he would first run it over, so that he might read it right off."

"That's right," said Patrick, as he fixed his eye steadily and searchingly upon the countenance of Tracy as he perused the letter. The first reading was accomplished. Tracy raised his eyes

from the sheet, and was about to speak, as Patrick said, "Now then, Mister Tracy, let us have it; bedad, I'm in a hurry now."

"Patrick," said Tracy, "there is some good news, and some not so good, in this letter. You are man enough, I hope, to be able to receive bad news with calmness, as well as to rejoice when you receive good. There never was a bad, Patrick, but there might have been a worse."

"Mister Tracy," said Milloony, "please to read the letter. It will be a comfort to know the worst. Is the letter from Dinnis, himself, after being shipwrecked and murdered by pirates; or is it from Bridget, and the children; or are they all dead and buried? Och, lackaday, lackaday, but the troubles of poor Pat Milloony will never end!"

"Be patient, compose yourself," said Tracy, "and I will read.

"'Mr. Milloony—Dear Sir: I address you at the earnest request of your sister, Bridget Murphy, ——'

"Och, dear, and she is alive then."

"You must not interrupt me," said Tracy.

"It's myself that will keep still," said the overjoyed Patrick, "but just to think that she is alive after the dangers of the sea."

"'Who, with her husband and five children, arrived at this port on the 27th ult. They put up at an immigrant boarding-house, kept by James Dylo, 22 —— Street. On the evening of the second day after their arrival, the fresh immigrants, together with some who had been for years in the country, met at Dylo's. After spending a few hours in drinking and dancing, they got into a quarrel; several were wounded before the combatants could be separated, among whom was Mr. Murphy. He was conveyed to the hospital, and the physicians consider his case doubtful. Another painful circumstance connected with this unhappy affair, is the death of Murphy's youngest child. The mother had the infant in her arms, and fleeing to the rescue of the father, was herself knocked down, while the child was trodden under the feet of the maniac men in deadly conflict. I need not say that the situation of your sister is very deplorable, having neither friends nor money. Mrs. Murphy says that her husband had money; but on searching his pockets, when taken to the

hospital, none could be found. On learning this circumstance, Dylo, the keeper of the boarding-house and rum-hole, turned the mother, with her four remaining children, into the street, where myself and another city missionary fortunately found them. When found, they were huddled together among some lumber by the river side, where they had already spent one night. ' Their chest with all their clothing, save what is on their backs, is in the hands of Dylo, who says he has a claim of eight dollars for board and lodging. We have for the time being provided a home for your sister and children, until you can make some arrangements for their future disposition. I have just been informed by the physician, that should Murphy recover, he cannot be removed for five or six weeks. Your sister begs you, for the love of Christ, to come at once to her relief. I send you a paper containing some further account of the murderous transaction. On coming to the city, please call upon A. R., City Missionary, No. 37 —— Street. ' Yours respectfully,

'A. R.'"

When Mr. Tracy finished reading the letter,

he looked at Patrick. There he sat, his brow resting upon the palm of his hand, motionless and pale as a marble statue. After a moment, he started, as if from a dream. "Is that all, Mr. Tracy," he said, "have you read all the letter?"

"I have read all the letter, Patrick; but the writer refers you to the newspaper for further particulars."

"Will you read the paper for me, Mr. Tracy, for sure I could never live to read it myself. Och, poor Bridget! many's the sore heart you have had, and many's the salt tear you have shed, since the night our poor mother was burnt to death through the means of whiskey. And Murphy, too, a decent, hard-working, honest man, to meet with such a misfortune. And och, dear, dear, for the poor little babe, little Patrick, that Bridget wrote about, having just the looks of meself, my very picture, and they named for meself, kilt and murdered by drunken blackguards, and in Ameriky, too."

Mr. Tracy said, "I have found the article in paper; shall I read?"

"If you please," said Patrick, "I may as well hear the whole at once."

"'MORE OF RUM'S MURDEROUS DOINGS.—On the evening of the 20th ult., a party of newly arrived immigrants, with their friends and acquaintances, met at the rum-hole, No. 22 —— Street. They met, no doubt, with the most friendly feelings, for the purpose of giving their friends, just come over, a warm-hearted welcome to the land of liberty and model Christianity. Several hours were spent in good fellowship. The songs of Erin were sung, and the green little shamrock was toasted in full bumpers. Dancing succeeded singing, and fighting followed dancing. What was the procuring cause of the melee no one could tell. It seemed as if a demon spirit had taken possession of every man at the same moment; all were fighting, and none knew for what. Many were severely wounded, furniture broken, and bottles smashed. But the most heart-rending part of the whole, was the literal tramping to death of a child some fourteen months old. It appears that the mother, seeing her husband overpowered, and receiving deadly blows from two or three at the same time, with the heart of a true wife, and almost frantic, rushed to his aid. She carried the child under one arm, and

while endeavoring to shield the prostrate father, received herself a stunning blow, causing the infant to drop from her hold in the thickest of the brutal scene. Three of the watch having arrived, some eight or ten made their escape, while four were secured, being more or less wounded. The father of the murdered child was raised from the floor apparently dead. He however revived, and was conveyed to the City Hospital, where we understand he now lies in a very doubtful condition. What has become of the poor bereaved mother, whose first experience in happy America will leave a dark shadow on all her after life, we have not been able to learn.'

"'A WORD OF REMARK.—Is it possible that our City Fathers are cannibals—that our lawmakers are dark, heartless demoniacs, gloating upon scenes of blood and tears. Do they not know, that the gore of that murdered infant, and thousands of others, cries for vengeance upon our boasting city of churches and Bible societies. Blood is upon the ermine of the judge, and, we fear, on the hands of the priesthood. The spirit of that little one stands before Jehovah, saying, "How long, O Lord, how long before ye avenge

our blood upon them that dwell upon the earth?" Surely vengeance will fall upon us, and on our children, unless speedy repentance prevent and save. Where, oh where are the watchmen on Zion's walls—the accredited ambassadors of Jesus Christ. Louder, and yet louder, let them cry, or God will assuredly make their names few in Israel.'"

"That is all," said Mr. Tracy, laying down the paper.

Patrick groaned and wept. "It's all over with me now," he said; "sure this is the greatest misfortune yet; och, but the dealing of Providence is dark with poor Pat Milloony."

"It's the dealings of the devil, Patrick," said Tracy, "the devil incarnate and legalized."

Patrick made no reply, but left the house. Tracy looked after the grief-stricken man, and saw him enter the barn. "He has gone to weep alone," he said, "poor fellow." The farmer sought his wife, and informing her of the affecting news, asked her advice touching future proceedings.

Mrs. Tracy possessed many valuable traits of

character. She was a true wife, a wise and tender mother, a safe and able counsellor. Her heart was large, and always in the right place when humanity was concerned: her judgment was clear, while strong, unwavering decision marked all her acts. "You cannot hesitate," she said to her husband, "about what ought to be done. Patrick must go immediately and bring his sister and her children. The old house can be cleared and made comfortable for them, and should her husband get well, you can find him employment. If, indeed, he should be found half as faithful as Patrick, he will be a very profitable help. But that is not the object; we must make the case our own, and then we shall soon know what to do. Mr. Tracy agreed with his wife, the plan was just what he had half resolved upon before he consulted her. "But," said he, "will it not be dangerous for Patrick to go to the city alone? and it is quite impossible for me to leave at the present season."

"I think," said the lady, "the state of his mind will be a safeguard for him. Besides, you might write a line to the missionary, to look to him a little, and see them all underway for

the country. You might give him a hint of Patrick's failing, and—"

"First-rate idea that, Mrs. Tracy, I'm glad you thought of it; I'm glad there are such men as missionaries where Satan has his seat, where the rum dragon has his temple; I'll go to the barn, and see if Patrick has got his mind quieted; he said before the letter was read, that America was a blessed country. Well, it might be a blessed country, but for rum."

"It shall be a blessed country," said the lady, "Uncle Sam's Fenced Country:—the land of the temperate free, and the home of the morally brave. Not many more fathers will fall; not many more children be trod to death; not many more mothers will be robbed of their heart's best treasure. No, no, Uncle Sam has a big heart and a strong hand; and if he begins to build, you may depend upon it, he means to finish. When his boys go to work, they work with a will; give up, or back out, are not American words."

Mr. Tracy was about to sing out his usual "hurra," when thoughts of the suffering Patrick crossed his mind, and he hurried to the barn,

on approaching which he heard the poor man bemoaning himself. "Och, och," he said, "Bridget will never see another bright day in this world; and my own heart is entirely broken. And there was Dinnis Murphy, that I loved like a born brother, come to Ameriky to be murdered altogether, and little Patrick too, my own namesake, kilt and dead! och, but there is as black a devil in American whiskey as there is in Irish, it's myself that has had the proof of both. And sure it must be all my fault; if I had never sent the money, they would have been all alive at this blessed moment. May the Lord forgive me, seeing I done it with a good meaning; och! och!"

"It's not your fault, Patrick," said Tracy, as he entered where the unhappy man lay convulsed with grief and self-accusings. "It's not your fault; it is the fault of our barbarous and bloody laws, that give the weak and trusting into the hands of the strong and selfish. But never mind, my good fellow, we are bound to have the *fence* in spite of the devil and all his legal advisers. You must start for the city, Patrick, and bring your sister and children up into the country. I will have

the old house cleared, cleaned, and fitted up for their reception by the time you return.. Mr. Murphy may get well soon, and live to drive his own team on his own farm, milk his own cows, and shear his own sheep."

"May a thousand blessings be upon your head, Mr. Tracy, for that same kindly word. If poor Murphy could only hear them, it would be a great means of saving his life."

Mr. Milloony felt himself much strengthened, and having prepared for his journey, he was carried by Mr. Tracy to the railroad depot by four o'clock on the following morning

"Now," said the farmer, as he was about to part with Patrick, "you will be in the city before night. Carry the letter to the missionary the first thing you do, and, above all things, see that you neither touch, taste, nor handle a drop of any kind of liquor—not even root-beer."

"Ah, Mister Tracy," said the Irishman, "it's the thought of the poor murdered child that will be running in my head all the time, and breaking my heart, and shutting my eyes. Sure I'll never think of the whiskey, at all, at all!"

With a heart somewhat hopeful, and a head

filled with some dim outlines of the future, after a ride of seven hours, Patrick found himself amid the moving masses in one of the great thoroughfares of the city. His first object was to find out the street in which the missionary resided. For this purpose he entered a store.

"Would you please to tell me where —— Street is?" he inquired of a man behind the counter.

"It's down town, somewhere," said the man; "somewhere in the city, I suppose."

A seedy-looking creature sitting on the head of a barrel, and trying to draw smoke from the stump of a cigar, said:

"I know where the street is, and it would take a stranger a lifetime to find it. But if the gentleman likes to treat, I'll go and show him just where the street lies, and all about it. It's very dangerous for a stranger to go about the city alone."

Patrick without making any reply left the store, praying for strength. The atmosphere of the place, tainted thickly with the effluvium of alcohol, had actually aroused, to some extent, the slumbering appetite for rum. He knew his danger, and resolved to inquire only of those

whom he met in the street. Fortunately, a well-dressed man whom he approached, readily gave him the information he needed. He was but a short distance from the street, and a few minutes' walk brought him to 37, when, knocking, the door was opened by the missionary in person. Patrick presented the letter, told his name, and inquired at once about his sister, Murphy, and the children, not forgetting to pray the blessing of all the saints upon the head of the missionary.

Mr. R. read the letter, and said, "I see Mr. Tracy speaks very highly of your character; I hope the sad affliction that has fallen upon your friends and yourself will be overruled for the good of all. Wine is a mocker, Mr. Milloony, strong drink is raging, and those who are deceived thereby are not wise. I hope you will be extremely careful not to touch or taste the accursed thing."

"Indeed, indeed," said Patrick, "it's yourself that speaks the truth about drink; and it's but reason that I should take your advice. Sure I'll never be able to pay you for your kindness to Bridget and the children, for it's die they must, but for yourself. Och, if you had but met with

the poor things when they left the ship, and taken them to some decent house, sure the bad luck would never happened. And but for the whiskey, it had never happened; for Dinnis Murphy is a quiet, Christian man, and would not hurt a hair on the head of an enemy's dog, when sober."

"It's a very sad thing, Mr. Milloony, but it is nevertheless true, that thousands of honest, true-hearted men, who seek our shores as a place of refuge, are sacrificed by the rum power, enslaved or murdered on the very spot they struggled to for liberty and life. They are doomed, offered up upon an altar more bloody than that of Moloch, and for all this we, a Christian people, make provision by law. But you are anxious," continued the missionary, "to see your sister; I am ready to accompany you; I may, however, as well inform you here, that Mr. Murphy is dead." Patrick dropped into the seat he had just risen from, as if a bullet had gone through his heart. "His injuries," said Mr. R., "were of an internal character, and the third day, after being taken to the hospital, mortification ensued, which soon resulted in death. Your sister bore the affliction

with the spirit of a Christian woman; and I hope you will endeavor to keep her strong by showing a resigned and patient spirit yourself."

Patrick groaned heavily, and muttered to himself:

"Blessed Father, blessed Father! Och, och, and it's come to this. Och, Dinnis, Dinnis, but you was a good man and a kind father to your poor, helpless children. You are gone now, Dinnis, but if it please the Lord, I'll be a father to your sweet orphan creatures as long as I live."

Milloony became more calm, and in company with the missionary, proceeded to the house where his sister and her children were lodged. To describe the meeting would be utterly impossible. Joy and grief, strangely blended, alternately prevailed. The frame of the strong man was shaken as he sustained in his arms the sinking and clinging form of his beloved and bereaved sister. The missionary prayed with them and for them; and, taking his leave, promised to call at an early hour in the morning to assist them on board the cars. With many a God's blessing on his head, the servant of Jesus, the friend of poor,

bleeding humanity, departed, to seek amid the city's sweltering sinks of sin new objects of compassion and sympathy.

While Mrs. Murphy was making preparations in view of an early departure on the following morning, Patrick, though now much exhausted by the labors and excitement of the day, sought the house of Dylo, No. 22 —— Street, in order to redeem the chest containing the apparel of Murphy's family. Having taken no refreshment from the time he left Mr. Tracy's, he began to feel faint. The painful activity of his mind had thus far sustained him; but now, nature seemed to sink and demand aid. Passing along the street the porter-house of Timothy Burns caught his eye. He felt as if a single glass of porter would be a great blessing—just to sustain nature. And strange as it may appear, without the second thought, he walked in, called for, and drank a glass of porter. He felt strengthened, and passed on in search of the boarding-house, muttering many anathemas upon whiskey, while endeavoring to keep before his mind the pale face of his once rosy-cheeked sister, and the causes that had produced the change. No. 22 was soon found,

and with a firm, determined step Patrick Milloony crossed the threshold.

Long, long did poor Bridget wait and watch. Hour after hour of that long, sad night passed away, and the gray dawn of the morning found her sitting, tearless and ghost-like, by the side of her sleeping orphans. "Oh, Patrick, Patrick," she said, "my last hope, my last comfort and stay in a strange land. I know they have murdered you; I know they have taken your life. You never told me a lie, Patrick, in all your born days, and you said you would return again in an hour or two if you were a living man. But, oh dear, dear, all the blissed night has passed away, and no Patrick has come!"

She rose, went to the window, watched for a few moments the dim outlines of men who were early hurrying to the different points of transportation. "I know it is morning," she said, "and, turning to her slumbering infants, impressed upon the cheek and lip and brow of each a mother's kiss of agony and love. She threw a faded mantle around her, turned again, and for a moment gazed on her nestlings, and then hurried into the street. She is in search

of Dylo's; but how shall she find it? A stranger in the great city, she knows not which is north nor which is south; the very name of the street had passed from her memory, and by no effort was she able to recall it. "I'll trust in God," she said; "He knows where Patrick is; He knows the name of the street, and I'll just walk on, and pray until He brings me to the place." Not far had she travelled, when, turning the corner of a street, she met the missionary, who, according to promise, was proceeding to see the family on board the cars. Bridget caught him by the arm as he was about to pass, not recognizing her among the many who were now in haste seeking steamboat and car. She grasped his arm, sobbing and weeping, as if her crushed heart was indeed about to break. "Och, sir! och, sir, dear!" she said, "and sure they have murdered Patrick, too."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. R——, startled at the haggard and wild expression of the woman's countenance. "What do you mean? has anything befallen your brother?"

"Ah, sir, it's dead he must be! sure Patrick never had the heart that would have left myself

and the children the whole blissed long night, if they had left the life in his body—or," she added, thankfully, "he may have got deceived, and overcome by the whiskey."

The missionary, by degrees, got a clear understanding of what had transpired from the time he left the brother and sister, the day before, and conducting Bridget back to her lodging and slumbering children, endeavored to comfort her with words of hope, promising to go immediately to Dylo's, and ascertain all about the fate of her brother.

"May the Holy Father bliss you, sir," said Bridget. "I'll wait here and pray by the side of the fatherless, until you come back; and oh, sir, if you find that Patrick has been tempted and deceived, oh, just speak to him kindly like, for it's sorry enough he will be when he comes to his senses again." The good man had no feelings but those of kindness towards any of the human race, however fallen; especially did his sympathies cluster around the poor deluded victims of a policy more cruel than the grave.

"I will speak kindly to your brother," he said; "things, after all, may be better than your fears.

At all events, for the sake of your children, you must try to keep up your heart. You have thus far in your afflictions done well, maintained a calmness of deportment worthy of a Christian mother; continue still to put your trust in God, who makes the widow and fatherless his peculiar care."

"Oh, sir, I wish to be a Christian, a true Christian; God knows that I do; but it's hard to keep from murmuring a little, sir. To be robbed, as I have been, of husband and babe, and maybe of my brother too, the only blood relative I have in this foreign country, this great Ameriky. Dinnis and myself have talked about Ameriky so much, and prayed that we might live only to get safe to Ameriky, and all our trials would be over; dear, dear, but it has been a sad Ameriky to us. I'm not saying anything again the country, sir; sure yourself would be a credit to any country; if we had only met with yourself before we met with whiskey, it's not a lone widow that I should be this morning. Dinnis would be alive, and Patrick, poor little Patrick, would be alive, the joy and comfort of his mother's heart. He was just beginning to talk, sir; and his father had got

him so that he could say 'Ameriky' quite plain. May the Lord keep me from murmuring; maybe it's all for the best, though I can't see it just now."

The missionary left for the house of Dylo. His feelings were of the most painful character; he strove to hope against hope. "If another blow falls upon that broken and blighted heart," he said, "I fear the result. Oh," he exclaimed, half aloud, "ye rulers of nations, how poor is your glory! The pages of history will blush with your crimes. Your deeds will seem darker, your features more gory, as man, shuddering, views you in all future times. It will be a problem for future ages to solve, whether the men of the nineteenth century were civilized or savage, Christian or heathen. The existence of our rum-laws must be a powerful argument against our civilization, against our Christianity, and against our humanity itself."

Mr. R—— walked on, and soon found himself in the street, where the boarding hole of Dylo was located. His eye was not long in lighting upon "The Harp of Old Ireland," by James Dylo. He entered, and there, amid boxes, bags, barrels, bedding and sea-chests, lay about a dozen of men,

women and children, but Patrick Milloony was not among them. Addressing himself to the landlord, who stood behind the bar waiting to help downwards the next hell-allotted victim that might come in his way, he said: "My business is to inquire after a man by the name of Patrick Milloony, who came here last night for the purpose of settling the board-bill of Dennis Murphy, and receiving the property retained by you for the boarding and lodging of Murphy and his family. I wish to see the man, if he is in your house."

"Is it Milloony you mane? bad luck to the likes of him; he ain't fit to be in any decent man's house."

"I wish to see the man," said the missionary.

"Faith, and if you wish to see him, you will just have to go until you find him. Maybe you might find him about the Tombs, the proper place for the likes of him."

"Och," said a man seated on a chest, apparently laboring to call back the past; "Och, Mr. Dylo, don't be after bothering the gentleman. Is it the man that came after Murphy's chest, that you would be after finding, sir?"

"The same," said the missionary.

"Troth, and he is, maybe, in the bottom of the river by this time. You see when he came here, who should he meet but Ned Connor, an old comrade in Ireland. Well, of course, it was a joyful thing to meet, and they must talk over old times, and then about the sad misfortune of Murphy. So between joy and grief maybe the drap went to their heads. Well, you see, I tried to keep them good friends; but, och! when the whiskey is in the wit is out. Patrick said Ned cheated him out of his money at a game of cards, and Ned's blood was up in a minute, so it was heads and eyes, right and left, for about a while. You see Patrick lost his hat by some means, and had his picture some spoiled, and his coat was very much abused. Well, you see, sir, when all was over and they had made friends again, Milloony wanted to get Murphy's chest, but come to find out he had no money. So he hung down his head for a good long while, said nothing to nobody; at last he jumps up, looks a kind of wild, and starts right off, without saying good-bye to any of us."

"Faith, and it was good for his health," said

the landlord, "that he went off when he did."

"At what hour did he leave?" said Mr. R——.

"About eleven or twelve o'clock," replied the landlord, "after making believe that he had lost money, and wanted to get drink on credit, the drunken blackguard. I have seen the likes o' him before, and it's the likes of him that's a disgrace to Old Ireland; I never knew a decent Milloony yet."

The missionary immediately sought the police court; but amid all the multitude of half-clad, filthy, bloated men and women, that were brought forward that morning, no Patrick Milloony appeared. With a heavy heart he now travelled back to the lodgings of the sister, but how to manage a case so terribly bitter and hopeless he knew not.

About a week from the morning on which the Irishman was missing, Mr. Tracy, who had become painfully anxious about the fate of Milloony, received a newspaper from the city missionary, containing the following statement:

"SUICIDE.—Yesterday morning the body of an unknown man was found in an old shed, standing in an unoccupied lot up town. It is

evident the man was a self-murderer, as the knife with which the deed had been perpetrated was still firmly grasped in his right hand. The coat he had on was very much torn, and no hat was found near him. 'P. Milloony' was written on the top of his boots; whether this was his own or the bootmaker's name may never be known. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, tall and strongly built, of dark complexion and full round face. The coroner returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence."

A paragraph like the above, is all that is ever publicly known of thousands, who are yearly consumed, drawn down into the deadly vortex of rum's abyss; and all this is sanctioned by our laws, and tolerated by our religion. Oh, could we wield for a moment the thunders of Jove, a terrible retribution would be visited upon the rumocracy; for blood cries to blood, the whole land is polluted, and the earth reels and staggers under the blighting curse.

In another column of the paper, Mr. Tracy found the following:

"We have just learned from one of our excellent city missionaries, that the man who was

found dead in the old shed day before yesterday, was brother-in-law to Dennis Murphy, whose sad end we recorded about a week ago. It appears Milloony had come from the country, for the purpose of taking charge of his widowed sister and her children. But the tempter found him, and the end is known.

"Mr. R. informs us, that when the sister was made acquainted with the fate of her brother, her reason, already sorely tried, fled—perhaps forever. She is now the inmate of a mad-house, while the children, four beautiful boys, are sent to the almshouse."

"They sha'n't stay there long," said Mr. Tracy, as tears of real sorrow gushed from the eyes of the honest, warm-hearted farmer. "They don't stay long in the almshouse."

He sat for some time, apparently absorbed in deep thought; at last said, as if speaking to himself:

"Poor fellow! Patrick, you don't need UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE now. You don't need it to protect your bones, and your noble spirit is beyond the reach of the murderous rum law, with its ruffianly tools. But the Fence *shall* go

up, Patrick—every rail baptized in the blood of martyrs. It will be a strong fence. It shall go up, Patrick, so help me——"

"What is the matter, Mr. Tracy?" said his wife, entering the room, with a face expressive of alarm. "Who are you talking to in such an excited tone?"

"I'm talking to Patrick," said Tracy. "I'm talking to the spirit of as true a man as ever trod the footstool. I'm telling him what shall be done."

"Mr. Tracy," said the wife, "you are surely crazy. Have you heard anything from Patrick?"

"Read that paper," said Tracy. "I must go down to the village; I must see Lawyer Floss; I must bring the children home. Let me see," he continued; "what does rum provide us with? An almshouse for boys, a mad-house for mothers, and bloody shrouds for fathers and brothers. A poor-house for boys—that's not an American notion. Ain't 'Uncle Sam 'rich enough to give them all a farm?'"

"He won't have a farm to himself long," said Mrs. Tracy, "unless he gets it fenced."

"But he'll get it fenced," replied Tracy, as he

held the door-latch in his hand; "he'll get it fenced, and it will be a long fence and a strong fence; running all round the world, pretty soon, by and by; for Uncle Sam's just the man that does things when he begins. But I'm off for the village. Read the paper, and then *you* will feel just as violent like as I feel."

In less than a short time, the distance between the house of the farmer and the office of the lawyer is passed over, and Tracy is giving to Floss a circumstantial account of all he has learned respecting the death of Milloony.

"I am not at all surprised," said the lawyer; "not at all."

"Well, then," said Tracy, "I am surprised. We hain't got many of the Bunker Hill breed among us now, or they would rise up with sword and gun and exterminate this rum devil pretty quick."

"No need of that," said Mr. Floss; "no need of that:—

'We have a weapon firmer set
And better than the bayonet;
A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.'

We have the ballot-box, Mr. Tracy, by which we say to this man, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to our servants, Do this, and it is done. I will take the necessary steps to have the children of Murphy transferred to your care; and I will charge myself with the expense of clothing them, at least for a time. It seems to me, Mr. Tracy, that this alcoholic Samson is going to sell his life at a fearful price. He appears to grasp, in his death-struggle, the pillars on which stand the whole social fabric of society. Arson, murder, and suicide, multiply and thicken all over city and country. Before the pen has recorded one scene of horrors, another is announced, and before one grave is sodded, another has to be opened. It is plain the monster means to die hard."

"But die he *must*," said Tracy. "I feel as if I myself was the man appointed to give the death blow. I feel just so, Mr. Floss. I feel as if it all depended upon me alone."

"And perhaps it does," said the lawyer. "A single freeman's vote may save or curse a world. Every man ought to feel as you feel on this subject. Every man is responsible for the whole

amount of good or evil, happiness or misery, life or death, that may follow his vote."

"There is a something in that idea," said Tracy, "but it's a kind of dark in my mind. I feel it plain enough, but I can't just see it very clear."

"Well," said Floss, "suppose you and I and Tom Springer should kill a man—what would you be?"

"Why, a murderer, to be sure!"

"And what would I be?"

"Another murderer."

"And what would Tom be?"

"A murderer, too."

"Ain't you mistaken, Mr. Tracy?"

"I think not."

"Why, there were three of us. I ought only to be one-third a murderer, and you a third, and Tom another third. And if hanging should follow, we ought only to be hanged one-third apiece."

"That won't do," said Tracy, "that won't do; I should be a whole murderer, and ought to be three-thirds hanged."

"Well, then," said the lawyer, "suppose there

were a thousand of us concerned, would all be murderers?"

"Every one, jointly and severally," said Tracy.

"Well, suppose there were twenty thousand?"

"It makes no difference, Mr. Floss, every one would be a whole murderer."

"Then, according to your reasoning, Mr. Tracy, every man whose vote sustains the rum power is in particular chargeable with all the want, woe, and death, caused by that power."

"Just so, sir."

"There is only one redeeming feature in this view of the subject," said the lawyer; "it is possible that some may act and vote ignorantly: and yet I don't see how they can."

"Ignorantly!" said Tracy; "why the stones in the street are not ignorant of the nature and damning character of rum. But I swany it's awful to think upon personal responsibility. I see plainly the murder can't be divided, even among twenty thousand. I feel, more than ever, as if all depended upon my single vote. I used to pay but little attention to election, if it happened to be a busy time; but now I tell you, in a case of this kind, the plow may stand

ing she is not over and above provided for. As deacon of the church, I have always tried to find out the temporal circumstances of the Lord's poor. But Sister Spencer is so sensitive: it seemed always to call back the memory of better days, whenever I hinted at her circumstances, and so I never had the heart to press the matter closely. I knew, however, that the good sisters were always doing a little something for her."

"God help her!" said the minister; "her hope of rest, I fear, is only in the grave. When I saw her last, I tried to cheer her with the hope of a 'Maine Law,' and it was really touching to see how she grasped at it, as the drowning clings to the frailest reed that gives promise of life.

"'He is my son,' she said; 'Elder, he is my only child, and, with all his faults, I can never forget that I bore him, and nursed him at this poor withered breast; I can never forget how he was my blessing and comfort through many a weary year. When his poor father, the victim and slave of rum, had lost from his heart all that was human, the boy was my all on earth. I can't forget that he was sixteen years of age before he

ever caused me an unhappy moment: he seemed only to live to be a blessing to his mother. About the age of sixteen he began to have a great desire for the company of some village boys whose parents were not very particular about the morals of their children. I used to reason with him, and he would appear to be penitent, and would promise, but it seemed as if he could not give them up. His father never took any care of the child, being in liquor the most of the time; he seldom spoke a pleasant word in his own house. When his father died, James said to me, "Mother, I hope I shall die before I become a drunkard;" but alas! alas!'

"She could say no more, deacon; she was overcome, and I rose to leave just as her son entered the room, and, taking down an old gun, said he was going a hunting, and would not be home till late. I have not seen the widow since," continued the minister, "but had thought of making her a visit. I'm glad you have called. Mrs. Stillson," he said, turning to his wife, who had just entered the room, "have you got anything good and nice to put in the deacon's basket? we are going over to see Sister Spencer."

was cruel, the provocation beyond endurance,—talk about moral suasion with heartless brutes; poh! poh! I'm sorry, however, that thing happened, because I know just how he stands. There is rum-power enough in Puckerville to swear away the life of any man who dares to move a finger against it. My legal experience, Mr. Bowers, has taught me to tremble for my client, be his cause ever so clear and just, when the rum influence enters the lists against him. Lawyers and judges know well the power of this element—know that it is almost almighty in the perverting of justice, and setting at defiance truth and equity. We know it, sir, and therefore I fear for Robert. But I will go over to Puckerville immediately, and will see what can be done."

"I'll go with you," said the Deacon. "When will you be ready?"

"In half an hour."

"Maybe we can bail him."

"I think we can."

The lawyer returned to his office, and said to Mr. Tracy, "I'm sorry to leave you, sir; but it is plain that alcohol don't intend that we shall rest upon our oars. He feels that the harpoon is

being driven into his vitals, and he is getting into his flurry, as the whalemen say."

"What now?" said Tracy. "Another murder!"

"Not exactly. Only a knock-down this time. Robert Bowers has knocked down a drunken scoundrel who insulted him in a gross and public manner."

"Served him right," said Tracy. "I tell you there are some chips of the Bunker Hill block among us yet."

"Yes, Tracy; but these will be sure to fly in our faces if we don't take care. Pity that Robert allowed his passion to get the mastery of his reason; pity that he descended to the brute level. Though, after all, under the circumstances, I can't in my heart say he was very wrong. I can't throw a stone. I would not answer for myself in a like position. But I'm sorry it happened."

"I'll go home," said Tracy, "seeing you are in a hurry. I hope you will attend to the business about the children as soon as possible."

"As soon as possible," said Floss.

"Bill Bently ain't caught yet, is he?"

"Not yet," said the lawyer; "Bently's safe

enough; he has friends enough to get him out of the way. Bill and all his kind will run until the Fence brings them up."

"Hurra, boys!" said Tracy; "hurra! But poor Patrick Milloony will never see the Fence. I can't get him out of my head, Mr. Floss, I did love him so much. But good-bye: I see you are in a hurry. *Good* bye!"

We must now carry the reader back to the morning succeeding the death of young Spencer. During the whole of that terrible night, the benevolent Mrs. Bradshaw had not retired; her mind was too actively exercised to allow of sleep or rest. Her house was a scene of confusion, and the last glaring look of the dying man, as he sprang to his feet, haunted her from room to room. As soon as the morning dawned, she determined to seek the cottage of Widow Spencer, fearful lest any inconsiderate tongue should tell the dreadful tale—shattering at once the frail link that bound the woe-worn sufferer to life. On her way she was overtaken by Elder Stillson, who, like herself, had spent a sleepless night, and was on his way to the cottage of the widow.

"I have waited and watched for the morning,"

said the minister, "that I might visit the widow in her affliction. Evil tidings fly fast, and I have trembled lest some incautious person should tell the tale and complete the ruin."

"Thee was very thoughtful, elder," said Mrs. Bradshaw. "And my own fears were like thine. Life or death is often in the power of the tongue."

"Poor soul!" said the minister, "twenty-four years ago this very day, I married her to Mr. Spencer—one of the smartest young men in the country, owner of a good farm, and the only son of highly respected and pious parents. For perhaps six or eight years no woman ever lived a happier life than did Mrs. Spencer. Her husband loved her with a pure, warm, and manly affection; and well was she worthy of such a love. They never had but one child—the young man whose body now lies in your house. He was born, I think, about two years after they were married, and would be about twenty-two years of age.

"Mr. Spencer was a prominent man in the county—was twice sent to the Legislature; that ruined him. Being of an open, free, and social temperament, he could not be singular. His

judgment was good and his conscience tender; and I thought him at times very near to the kingdom. But, after all, he seemed to lack the necessary amount of courage demanded in some positions. He became a lover of wine, and by the end of the second session the appetite for stronger drink was fairly formed. His descent was rapid. A few years, and his fine farm became the property of the man who kept tavern where Benjamin Bullard now keeps.

"After he lost his farm, he seemed to lose every particle of self-respect and manliness; neglecting and cruelly abusing his meek and uncomplaining wife, and paying no attention whatever to his little boy. Twice he was sent to jail for assault and battery, committed when drunk. Three times he attempted to take his own life; and some think, after all, that he murdered himself by taking poison. I think there was good ground for this suspicion, but no one cared about the matter; indeed everybody seemed glad he was gone, for he had become a perfect nuisance in society. I have often wondered how his poor wife could live on, from day to day, in connection with a creature so debased, so

fallen. I have wondered how she could bear with an uncomplaining spirit, a load of woe so terrible!"

"Ah, elder," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "thee does not know how much the human heart can bear before it breaks; and a mother's heart can never break so long as she has a living child. While the child lives, she cannot be altogether hopeless; she has something to cling to, and something to love. It is the unloving heart, elder, that sickens, withers, and dies."

"True enough," replied Mr. Stillson. "Love is a great sustainer; but how could a woman love so brutal a husband? How could she love so heartless a son? It's all a mystery to me."

"Has thee been a Bible student so many years, friend Stillson, and has not learned that the unworthy, vile, and hateful, can be the objects of the truest and the deepest love? To love those who love us only, is the very lowest type of that beautiful principle, while the most pure and God-like form of affection is that bestowed upon objects who need, whether deserving our love or not. Thee remembers, elder, the last prayer of the Holy One, 'Father, forgive them; they know

not what they do;' and thee remembers for whom that prayer was offered."

"You are right, Mrs. Bradshaw; you are right and I'm wrong. The spirit of Christ can enable us to do what would appear impossible."

"Then, add to that the spirit of the wife and mother, elder, and thee will be able to understand the mystery of the poor woman's life-long love. Her earthly task is now done. The trial of her faith has been more precious than that of gold which perisheth; and it may now please the Master to bestow the reward. She has fought a good fight, and for her there is a crown of life."

"No doubt of that," said the minister; "she has fought a great fight of affliction, and, sad to think, all has been measured out by the laws of a Christian country."

"I suppose we must call it a Christian country," replied the lady; "and yet, I question much if a nation or tribe can be found on the wide earth, sustaining from age to age laws so purely satanic in every feature as the rum laws of Christendom."

"I think it doubtful," said the elder; "but here we are at the cottage door."

With a trembling hand Mr. Stillson lifted the

latch. The two entered, and found the widow lying apparently in a sound sleep. The noise, however, slight as it was, startled her; and gazing wildly upon her visitors, she said:

"What is it? Who is it? Where is James?"

"Sister Spencer," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "thee is surprised to receive a call from thy friends at so early an hour, but thee must be calm. How is thy health, friend Spencer?"

Still the widow gazed in silence. The minister tried to speak, but his voice failed him.

"Is my son alive, Mrs. Bradshaw? I have been dreaming, I suppose. I think I must have been dreaming."

"Thee knows that thy Redeemer liveth, Sister Spencer?"

"Oh, yes! yes!" said the widow, "I remember; I thought you told me that James was dead; but I don't know—it's a kind of dark all round. I don't know how I got here."

"Her mind is wandering," whispered the minister; "it might be well to inform her at once."

"I think thee had better speak to her, elder, at once; but carefully, very carefully."

"Sister Spencer," said the good man, "it is a painful duty that we have come to perform this morning. But that God who hath sustained you thus far through many afflictions, is still able to bestow the needed strength. It is true that your son is not alive; but our dear friend, Mrs. Bradshaw, was by him in his last moments, pointing him to the only hope of the guilty—the loving, forgiving and all-sufficient Redeemer. And now, dear sister, our hearts bleed for your sufferings; but we know that God hath said, 'My grace shall be sufficient for you.' None of his promises fail—he never leaves, he never forsakes, until the just are delivered from afflictions. Can you still trust him, Sister Spencer?"

During this short speech the widow's features underwent a great change. The confused, stormy wildness passed away. Her looks became natural and sweetly calm. She continued silent for a few moments, then said:

"I comprehend it all, Brother Stillson. I believe I was not fully awake when you came in; my mind seemed confused. I now understand you to say that James is dead."

The minister made an affirmative motion of the

head. The mother clasped her emaciated hands upon her bosom, and said:

"Even so, Father, for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight. Keep me, oh keep me, by Thine own power, from murmuring at Thy wise and just allotments. It would be very wrong in me," she said, turning to the elder and Mrs. Bradshaw; "it would be very wrong in me to complain. The Father of Mercies has always given me strength according to my day, and I know he will enable me to endure to the end. True, my heart-sorrows have been many and great, wearing out my poor, feeble body; but I have ever found, as the outward perished, the inward was renewed day by day. I have been a wife, a daughter, and a mother. My parents are dead, my husband in his grave, and my only child is no more. I am left alone, and yet I am not alone; that dear Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, is with me; in him I have all—father, mother, husband and son —all, all in Him."

By degrees Mrs. Bradshaw and the pastor informed her of the circumstances connected with the death of her son. When they had finished she said:

"It's very hard—very hard. Will you see that my poor, erring child is buried by the side of his father? They have both been slain by the same hand: the hand of their brother, encouraged and sustained by law, has murdered my husband and child. We shall all meet—the destroyer and the destroyed—all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. I suppose I can't see the corpse. Does he look natural? Is there any distress, like, upon his face? Do you think he suffered much, Mrs. Bradshaw, when he died?"

"I think not," said the weeping Quakeress; "I think not."

"And you say he wanted to see his mother? Oh, James, James, my poor boy! would to God I could have died for thee, my poor, erring child! Oh, how I rejoiced over him when he was born. I'll never forget the morning when his father took him in his arms for the first time. I'll never——"

Here the poor creature's voice failed; she struggled for a moment and fainted away. It was full ten minutes before consciousness returned, when she said:

"I'm nothing but a trouble to my kind friends now; but maybe it won't be long; I may get my

release soon. I should like, elder, to be laid by the side of James and his father. Oh, you cannot tell how this withered heart clings to them yet. Oh, yes; I want my dust to mingle with their dust—my heart to——"

Emotion prevented further utterance. Mrs. Bradshaw turned away and wept. The widow had expressed the long-cherished wish of her own heart, that her dust might mingle with her beloved dead.

The entrance of Deacon Bowers and his wife somewhat changed the tide of thought and feeling. Arrangements were made for Mrs. Bowers to remain with the widow, while Mrs. Bradshaw, the elder and the deacon, would return to the village and give attention to the funeral. When about to depart, the widow called Mrs. Bradshaw to the bedside, and whispered something in her ear; in answer to which Mrs. B. said:

"I will attend to thy request, friend Spencer; I will return in a few hours, and will bring it with me."

When the three friends had got a short distance from the cottage, Mrs. Bradshaw said, in her usual calm and impressive manner:

"It is well, elder, that there is a rest—a rest for the worn and weary — where iniquity is not framed by law nor mothers robbed of their children; no, nor children robbed of their fathers. Thee does not know, elder, that my own babes were made orphans by rum."

"Why, Mrs. Bradshaw, I am astonished!"

"Thee will be more astonished, elder, when the dead are raised and the books opened, to find that two-thirds of Christendom have been in some way, directly or indirectly, sacrificed by alcohol. It was before thee came to live in the village, friend Stillson, that Mr. Bradshaw died. Thee only knew him by report."

"But I knew him," said the deacon, "and if there was a temperate man on the earth, surely Mr. Bradshaw was that man."

"Thee is right, friend Bowers; thee is perfectly right; and yet nine cents' worth of rum, drank by another man, killed my husband. Deacon Bowers, thee remembers the time that the stage-coach got upset, and had one of the horses killed, near the turn of the Ridge-road?"

"I remember it well," said the deacon; "and

I remember that Mr. Bradshaw was passenger, and got some hurt."

"Yes, friend Bowers, he got his death-hurt. He complained that night of pain in his right side. He kept about, however, for nearly three weeks, but had to give up at last. The pain greatly increased, and for three long months he was a patient sufferer, when it pleased his Master to give him rest."

"Well," said the deacon, "I recollect very well that Mr. Bradshaw was never in health after the accident, and that it was thought at the time that the upsetting of the stage had something to do with his sickness. But never did I hear that rum had any part in the matter."

"Not many knew. My husband never sought redress for injuries, nor would he have moved a finger to the hurt of any one, however guilty. Yet he felt that he was a murdered man, but thought himself somewhat to blame for not giving heed to the monitor within. 'I thought,' said he to me the day before he died, 'I thought it would not be safe to ride with a man whom I had seen drink three glasses of rum within twenty minutes. Something told me I was doing wrong, but I felt

anxious to be with my family, so I heeded not the spirit's warning.' You will see, friend Bowers, the reason why the facts in this case were not better known at the time. My husband took all blame upon himself, believing that he had disregarded the wisdom that is profitable to direct."

"I think," said the minister, "while I admit the meekness of Mr. Bradshaw's spirit, I think he done wrong in not making the whole matter public; the life of others might be sacrificed by the continuance of a drunken driver."

"The Lord took care of that matter, friend Stillson; the man was killed by the kick of a horse a few months after the upsetting of the stage. I think it was about two weeks before Mr. Bradshaw died. It was a great consolation to my husband, when he heard of the man's death, to think that he had done nothing against him. 'It is safe,' he said, 'always to commit ourselves into the hands of Him that can and will judge righteously.' I think, however, elder, that if my husband had lived until the present time, he would have modified his views very much as respects the duties we owe to each other, and our responsibility to God, as laborers with Him, for

the redemption of the race. But it pleased the Lord to call him early. He lived in all good conscience before God. Void of offence towards his fellow-men, he hath finished his course, and is now waiting for the resurrection of the just."

* * * * *

Two days pass away, and "slow through the church-way path" two coffins are being borne—the widow and her son are united in death.

Scarce an hour had passed from the time that Mrs. Bradshaw left the cottage, when a messenger came, requesting her immediate attendance; it was thought that Mrs. Spencer was dying. Mrs. Bradshaw ran into the room where the corpse of the son lay, and, returning in a moment, hurried again to the bedside of the mother. It was too late. She had brought the little lock of hair which the widow, in a whisper, requested her to bring. It was all too late. The eye was sightless, the tired spirit had fled—the long, long night of weeping had passed away. Mrs. Bowers said: "That soon after the friends left the cottage, the widow was taken with a fit of coughing; burst a blood-vessel, and was dead in less than half an hour."

The floor was covered with blood; the bed-clothes saturated, and with all Mrs. Bradshaw's firmness of nerve, she had to seek the open air more than once, to prevent fainting. Mr. Floss and others arrived as the women were endeavoring to wipe up the blood.

"I wish," said the lawyer, "that a bottle full of that blood could be saved. I would send it, with its story, to the Governor of the State, to the Senate, and the House; and then lay it up among our trophies, a memorial before God of our wisdom, patriotism, humanity, and religion."

As the funeral procession moved along the street, every house sent forth its mourners. Even Benjamin Bullard, accompanied by his wife and children, joined the train. Some thought this a cruel insult to the dust of the dead; but Mrs. Bradshaw said she was glad to see it. She remembered that Saul of Tarsus had something to do with the blood of the martyr Stephen, and yet he became Paul the Apostle.

"We never ought to give up men," she continued, "until God himself gives them over. The Lord may have found a little bit of flesh yet remaining in Uncle Ben's heart; who knows?

We must not be afraid of him. We must meet him more than half way, if we wish to save him."

"I fear," said Deacon Bowers, as he shook his head in a most solemn and significant manner, "I fear that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard his spots."

"Deacon," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, "thee must have more of that charity that never faileth, that believeth all things, that hopeth all things, endureth all things."

"Well, well," said the deacon, "I can hope; but—but——"

"But thee has a 'but' to it. Ah, deacon, the 'buts' are bad things; that little word has got much to answer for. We should very soon have the Maine Law, were it not for that 'but' standing in the way. The Spread Eagle would come down before an hour, were it not for the 'but.' The Maine Law would have passed last Legislature, for numbers said they would have voted for the law—'but' they knew it could not be enforced, and therefore they voted against it; and the stream of blood flows on and on."

The coffins were lowered into one wide grave. The whole assembly stood in mute silence until

the last sod was placed above the dead. Elder Stillson took off his hat, a movement that was followed by every man present, and raising his eyes to heaven, while tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, he said:—

"Let us pray for the Legislature and Board of Excise:—

"Great God, lay not this sin to their charge. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Cleanse and deliver them from blood-guiltiness, that they may bring forth fruits meet for repentance, by plucking the poor out of the hand of the spoiler and the men who lie in wait for blood. Teach them, oh, teach them, that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; for, to the guilty, our God is a consuming fire. Judgment without mercy is the appointed portion of such as show no mercy. Into Thy hands we commit the law-makers, the Board of Excise, and even the rumsellers. The God of all the earth will do right, for His Son's sake. Amen."

Mr. Floss and Mrs. Bradshaw walked home with the minister. He requested them to be seated, and taking from his desk a letter, said:—

"You remember a letter received by Deacon Bowers from his brother in New York, at the time Robert was arrested?"

"I remember," said the lawyer.

"Well, do you remember what was said in that letter, about the daughter and son-in-law of Ironside?"

"I do," said Mr. Floss.

"Very well. Deacon Bowers could never muster courage enough to inform the widow, and indeed, so great were her sufferings, both of body and mind, occasioned by the fearful end of her husband, that we all thought it better to wait a little. Meantime, Robert Bowers returned to the village, and did himself break the news to the widow. Mrs. Ironside at first determined to go herself immediately to the city, but on further consideration, it was thought best for Robert to write and invite Mr. Bush to come and occupy the shop of his deceased father-in-law. He did write, but received no answer. He wrote again, with the same result. It was now thought best to write to Robert's uncle, who was well acquainted in the city, and if the family had changed their place of residence,

he would, no doubt, be able to trace them out. Well, this letter was received by last night's mail. It is addressed to Robert Bowers, but he having gone to deliver a temperance lecture at Puckerville, his father took the liberty of opening the letter, rightly judging from whence it came. The deacon handed it to me, wishing me to consult with all our friends, and see if any thing can be done. It is a lamentable case—worse than death, a thousand times worse than death in its darkest form. I will read the letter:—

"'DEAR NEPHEW:—In compliance with your request, I have sought for Mr. Bush and his family. After two weeks of incessant labor, I am compelled to give information that will be terrible in the extreme to the heart of the widowed mother. I need not tell you how much ferreting I had—how much marching and counter-marching I had, before I got upon the right track; I need not say how often I lost the track, amid the ever-changing city-tide of rum, ruin, and moral pollution. I would simply state that I finally succeeded in finding Mrs. Bush, an

inmate of one of the very lowest dens of infamy to be found in the city. I informed her who I was, and of the object of my visit. She appeared at first to doubt every thing I said, but when I read your letter, she staggered forward. I caught her as she fell, and bore her fainting to a kind of bed, that stood in a far corner of the filthy den. A few poor, fallen creatures, like herself, gathered around, exhibiting a degree of sisterly sympathy and love for the suffering one, that I little expected to meet with in such a place. Perhaps a woman's heart can never be entirely lost—her native tenderness completely blotted out. She *can* be reclaimed from the deepest depths to which she may be driven.'"

"Thank God for the utterance of an opinion so hopeful and truthful," said Mrs. Bradshaw; "but read on, elder; I did not mean to interrupt thee; read on."

"'When Mrs. Bush revived, I asked her if she would go with me to my home. "No," she said, in a very decided but choking voice, "I will disgrace no good man's home with my presence." I asked her if she would give me

a history of herself and family for the last few months. "I will tell you all I know," she said, as she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed out, "My poor, lost children!" I waited, and by degrees she grew calmer. I observed, when she spoke of her children, that one woman, about whom lingered the remains of refinement and beauty, wept bitterly. Perhaps she was a mother; perhaps she, too, had lost her nurslings.

"'Mrs. Bush at last said, "Soon after we came to the city, my husband became very intemperate. I tried to do every thing to break him of his habits, but it was of no use; he grew worse and worse. I will not tell you how much myself and children suffered for want of the plainest necessaries of life. Days of hunger, and nights of watching and weeping, we endured for a long time. One cold, stormy night, about three months ago, my husband came home; he was very much in liquor. He asked why the supper was not prepared. I told him there was no bread in the house—nothing but a few potatoes, and I would cook them as quickly as possible. He was angry, gritted his teeth, and with one blow felled me to the floor. How long I lay insensible,

I don't know. I remember, when I came to, my little boy and girl had cried themselves to sleep by my side on the floor. The room was dark, the fire had gone out, and it was a long time before I was able to get a light. Every thing in the room seemed to be in confusion. I saw that my husband's trunk had been drawn out from under the bed. I raised the lid, and found his clothes all gone. Ah, I can't tell you what I felt. I knew he had deserted us; and although I used to tremble when I heard his step, now I would have given all the world to hear that step. I searched the city over, night and day, for nearly a week, to no purpose. One night, when I returned late from my search, I found my little girl in tears. She said George had gone off in the morning with a man, who said he would make him a farmer, and give him a horse to ride. I don't know whether I was glad or sorry. If the poor, half-famished child had found a home where he could get food, I was glad. It seemed, too, as if my heart was getting a kind of hard or cold I sold my husband's trunk for fifty cents, and got something for myself and little girl to eat. In a

few days the landlord sold what little furniture we had, for rent, and turned us out into the street. We wandered about for some days. My little girl begged some bits of bread; but—but—Oh, I can't tell you the rest—I can't tell you. I had no friends, no home, no hope. What could I do? where could I go?" Here again she wept bitterly. "Why did you not let your circumstances be known to your mother?" I asked; "why did you not return home?" "Oh, I could not do that," she replied. "I married Mr. Bush against the will of my parents, and I could never think of returning, whatever should befall me." I asked where her little girl was. "I don't know," she said; "I lost her from my side one dark night, while we were wandering in the street, and I have never been able to find her. I pray night and day that God would take care of my poor, dear children." How strange it appeared to me, the idea of praying in such a place; yet, when I came to think of it, I have no doubt but some of the most earnest and agonizing prayers that have ever gone up before the throne of Jehovah, have gone up from just such a place. I used every

argument to induce her to leave the house—but all in vain. She pleaded with me not to inform her mother, for she would never disgrace her family by returning home. I must now leave the matter with yourself, my dear nephew, to disclose it when and how you may think best, to the afflicted mother and friends. Only let me add that there is no measurement to *our* guilt, so long as the rum law stains the statute-book. By the way, I had almost forgot to say that the woman, one of Mrs. Bush's associates, whom I mentioned as having something of refinement and beauty, is the daughter of a deceased clergyman in one of the New England States. I learned this of Mrs. B. Her husband was once an extensive merchant in Boston. Rum ruined and slew him before he was thirty years of age. Mrs. Bush said that Sophia's case was even harder than her own. But farewell. My love to brother and all friends, &c., &c.

"'GEORGE BOWERS.

"'P. S. Since writing the above, at the earnest solicitation of your aunt, I have again visited Mrs. Bush. I took with me the great apostle—

Pease. Mrs. B. is rescued, also Sophia, to whom she seems much attached. Mr. P. thinks he can find the children. Nothing will be left undone to that end.

"'G. B.'"

"Give me that letter," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "I will see the Widow Ironside; I will take this matter off thy hands; thee must not be overtasked. Friend Bowers, and Floss and thyself, must give all thy strength to the Fence; while we, who can neither chop nor split, will try and pluck the brands from the burning."

The lawyer was thoughtful, said little, and as it was now night, he, with Mrs. Bradshaw, departed for their respective homes. As they passed, the Spread Eagle was lighted up, and a goodly number of heads were seen through the bar-room window.

"There is your repentant sinner, Mrs. Bradshaw," said Floss.

"I was not over sanguine about Ben's repentance," said the lady; "but it is natural for me to hope, and I love to have hope for the very chief of sinners. I thought it possible that even Ben might repent and reform."

"He will reform," said the lawyer.

"Then thee has hopes?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When the law compels him to give up—as the wolf gives up his prey when his bleeding and mangled victims are rent from between his teeth. Then the vast army of the rum-selling host will reform."

"Thee is rather severe, friend Floss; but thee may be more than half right. And yet the rum-seller is not worse in this respect than some others. Our legislators will not give us the Maine Law until forced to do it by the deepening cry of outraged and bleeding humanity. And there are many others, friend Floss, in the counting-room, at the bar, on the bench, and even in the pulpit, that will be great Maine Law men—when they can't help it."

"Just so," said the lawyer; "I abhor the moral cowards with a perfect abhorrence."

"Hush, hush, friend Floss. Thee is wrong; thee is wrong, man. Thee ought to pity and pray for, not abhor. Thee must watch thy spirit. It is not in our province to call down fire upon

men's heads, even though wilfully and knowingly guilty. 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"I stand corrected, Mrs. Bradshaw; but really it requires more of the grace of patience than I am master of, to keep the indignant spirit in subjection."

"Thee forgets the pit from whence thee was dug thyself, friend Floss; thee for ——"

"Just so, just so, Mrs. Bradshaw; don't speak of the past. I abhor myself in dust and ashes when I think of my unpardonable blindness. May God and humanity forgive me."

"Now, thee is a brave man, friend Floss; with a loving heart, a sound head, and a strong will. Thee will leave bright and beautiful footprints on the sands of time. May thee be sanctified through the truth, as it is in the Holy One. Farewell."

We now bring the reader up to the time when Deacon Bowers and the lawyer start for Puckerville. They had scarcely ridden a mile when, to their surprise, they met Robert returning to the village. It appears that, as there was one Lot in Sodom, so there was one temperance man in Puckerville—Mr. Hoffer, a man of wealth and

moral weight. This man interested himself for Robert Bowers, and soon procured his release.

"I marvel, Robert," said the Deacon, "that you should have forgotten yourself so far as to raise your hand against the scoundrel."

"So do I marvel," said Robert. "It was a moment of weakness, and I regret it very much. Yet, after all, I hope it has been overruled for good. I have seen the man since. I went and begged his pardon. This broke him down; he wept bitterly, signed the pledge, and I left him with the temperance axe in his hand, vowing that Puckerville should have a rail that should be a rail in UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE."

"Good!" said the Deacon. "I wish you had knocked every man of them down, and set them up again on their right ends. Puckerville has long been a God-forsaken hole, and if you have knocked a little light into them, I'm glad. Yet I would not be understood to say that the thing was done in a very orthodox way. I would not be understood as giving my sanction to that kind of argument, Robert."

"No, no," said Robert; "I don't mean to use such argument again. I ought to have known the

character of rum. I ought to expect just such treatment. It is the best that poor besotted victims of alcohol can give."

"True," said the lawyer; "very true, Deacon," he added, after a pause. "I would like to ask you a question."

"Speak on," said the deacon, "I will answer it if I can."

"Well, do you think a man can be a Christian who is opposed to the Maine Law? Do you think he can be a Christian by the Book, who is not actively and decidedly a laborer in the temperance cause?"

"I can only answer for one, Mr. Floss; I can only answer for myself. Were I to fight against the law, or feel against it in my heart, I should surely go to hell—no mistake about it. But you know men are often very blind—can't seem to see."

"On some things men may be blind—on some obtuse points of theology men may not see clearly, but on a great moral question like temperance, can it be possible for a Christian to be in darkness or in doubt?"

"Not a particle of darkness, not a particle of

doubt," said Robert. "The Christian that can be ignorant or indifferent on this subject at the present day, is not endowed with common sense, and Heaven is not a place for fools!"

"Tut, tut, Robert," said the deacon, "you are too hasty. Men must have time to think about things."

"How long does it take a Christian to think whether he will obey the command of Christ, 'to love his neighbor as himself?'—How long may a Christian be allowed to decide the point whether he will serve God or Mammon? Other men may doubt, and wait, and waver; but the Christian has no room for doubting, unless he has got the wrong Book."

"The Book is right," said the Deacon, "the Book is all right; no trouble about the Book."

"None at all," said the lawyer, "it is the right Book, and so plain, that he who runs can read. I can have much patience with the interested and worldling, who neither fears God nor regards man. I can account for his position, but with the do-nothing, or anti-temperance follower of Christ, I have no patience, no charity; none."

"Well," said the deacon, "I——"

"Well," said Robert, "just speak what you think, father, if it should reflect a little on the Christianity of A, and B, and C. Just say what I know you think. That they have neither part nor lot in the matter—that their hearts are not right in the sight of God."

"Let me speak, will you," said the deacon, "and I'll be very plain, and use but few words. I think a man may be a first-rate temperance man, and yet not a Christian; but I don't think a man can be a very first-rate Christian and not a temperance man—sound, active, and out-spoken."

"That is enough!" said the lawyer. "I thank you, Deacon Bowers—the whole church is your debtor for your truthful vindication of the Christian character. Let it be written in capitals: 'A man cannot be a very first-rate Christian, who is not a temperance man—sound, active, and out-spoken.'"

"I would offer an amendment to that," said Robert, "which is, 'That man cannot be a man—it would be a profanation to call him such—who is not an active, out-spoken, Farm-Fence man.'"

"God speed the Fence!" said a man who had overtaken the party, unperceived.

"Ah! Tom Springer," said Mr. Floss, "where did you come from?"

"From looking at the corpse of a man found down between the river and Mr. Dyke's barn. He's a stranger—nobody knows who he is; but we know who killed him."

"Killed him!" said the deacon.

"Yes," said Tom, "the murderer lay by his side—a rum-bottle!"

"Does no one know him?" inquired Floss.

"Nobody," said Tom, "but he is somebody's son, and maybe somebody's husband, and somebody's father."

"Terrible, terrible!" said the lawyer.

"Terrible!" said the deacon.

"Damnable!" said Robert.

"It's all of that," said Springer, "and more too."

The party reached the village and parted; each nursing in his heart of hearts, wrath against the fell and murderous foe that was strewing the earth with the dead and dying every where.

A few weeks of comparative quiet passed away.

Mrs. Ironside and Mrs. Bradshaw had made a journey to New York, and brought home the heart-broken and hopeless wife of Bush. She was the very embodiment of utter despair; pale, thin, and spiritless. All efforts had failed to discover her children, and nothing was known of her husband. Poor woman, the laws of thy country can never make restitution. It were sacrilege for a rum-tolerating Christianity to even offer thee comfort. The dark, dark grave alone is the only spot on earth that has brightness for thee. Poor thing! thou hast but one thing more to lose, and it were well for thee if that were gone—the light of reason—the power of memory. It is fearful to think on such relief. Yet such, to thee, would be an unspeakable blessing. I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

Sabbath morning! It was a beautiful morning, and early were the village worshippers gathering round the doors of the different places where prayer is wont to be made. Thanksgivings are offered, supplications are made, and the hymn of praise is sung. The herald of the Cross is describing, in glowing words, the glory and grandeur

of that salvation, brought nigh by the blood of Christ. His powers are far below his theme. Yet, many a heart is warmed, and the eye of faith is gazing upon the dim outlines of the coming glory.

Back, back to the earth, thou enraptured worshipper! Back to sorrow, and suffering, and want; back to thy dwelling—

> "For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
> And a wild mother screams o'er her famishing brood."

The services of the sanctuary were scarce half finished, when the cry of fire—at all times terrible—was borne to every ear, filling every heart with terror. The altars were forsaken; pastors and people rushed into the street to behold the terrific grandeur of the devouring element, and look upon the Spread Eagle, one volume of living flame. The wind blew fresh from the south, taking the range of the street, so that, in less than two hours, eight dwellings were a smouldering heap of ruins. The beautiful cottage of Mrs. Bradshaw was among the number. So rapid and annihilating were the flames that nothing could be saved from the burning wreck.

Eighteen families were houseless, and destitute of every earthly thing save the clothes they wore, Mrs. Bradshaw and three others being all who possessed any means beyond their loss. Great calamities have their uses. They soften and subdue the heart, and draw forth the heaven-born beauties of brotherly kindness. They have an equalizing power. In their presence the strong feel their feebleness, and the proud man puts off his look of loftiness, becoming as one who serves. The more fortunate portion of the inhabitants readily received into their houses the families of the destitute. Deacon Bowers had a housefull; the lawyer had Tom Springer and his family; while Mrs. Bradshaw took up her abode with Elder Stillson.

How the fire originated, was an inquiry of interest to every one, but for a time nothing reliable could be ascertained.

Mr. Bullard and his family left the village on the evening of the fire, having a little farm at some six miles' distance, to which he repaired. And may he stay there until Uncle Sam gets *his* farm fenced. It is a very old saying that "murder will out." So, in spite of caution, the

cause of the fire was revealed. Ben Bullard had a little dark room, furnished with a table and some half-dozen of chairs. On this table was generally to be found a pack or two of dirty cards, and on the chairs a pack of dirty, drunken, sixpenny gamblers. On the noon of the Lord's Day, four men, already three parts drunk, were seated at the table, deeply engaged in the business of this miniature hell; and if the truth must be told, as told it ought to be, one of the men was an ex-member of the Legislature, who made his boast that the *Jack of Clubs* paid his board bill while in the Capital. These four worthies got into a dispute about what was trump. They soon passed from words to blows. A camphene lamp was overturned, and instantly the whole establishment was on fire. Ben Bullard, during the time his house was being burned down, swore and foamed, blaspheming heaven and earth, praying that the whole county might sink. But, strange to say, the county stands, a portion of upper earth, and has elected, by a heavy majority, Richard Floss member of Assembly. On the site where stood the Spread Eagle, a large brick building is going up, designed for a better purpose

than rum-selling. Tom Springer, and two others, are working on the house of Mrs. Bradshaw, who has already spent more among those rendered destitute by the fire, than it will cost her to rebuild.

"Some things I have lost," she said to Mr. Stillson, who was expressing his sorrow for her loss; "some things I have lost, that I fain would have kept to the end of my journey,—some memorials of those who have gone before; but it is all right. I suppose our law-makers made provision in the license law for the sacrifice of property by fire and water, as well as for murder and suicide."

"I have been," said the minister, "contrasting in my mind our Christianity with heathenism—and so far as this liquor law is concerned, heathenism is the better religion. The emperor of China refused to fill his treasury by a tax upon opium; saying that the sufferings and blood of his subjects should never be to him a source of revenue. But here, where the true God is worshipped, the price of blood flows into the treasury of the State. Ay—and I blush to say it—into the treasury of the Lord. Heaven is insulted, earth is

an Aceldama, and the wrath of God is near to come."

"The mercy of God, thee means to say, elder. Don't thee think the election of Floss, with many others—good men and true—is a hopeful sign?"

"Yes," said the minister, "there is hope; but the enemy is strong."

"He is not omnipotent," said the lady, "and I think we are apt to overrate his power. One true, working temperance man can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

"Ah," said the elder, "*working* is the thing. But we have so many drones in the temperance hive."

"I know it," said Mrs. B., "I know they are like little mill-stones about the neck. One do-nothing temperance man is a greater curse to the cause than ten Benjamin Bullards. But with all the drones, with all the do-nothings, and their father, the devil, to head them, there are strong hands on the throat of Alcohol, and when they relax their grasp, the monster will be strangled."

"Amen," said the minister, "Amen and Amen."

The village is built up again; rum is banished from its borders. There has been a great revival of religion. Tom Springer is converted, and through his labors, three or four of his former bottle associates have been brought to the Holy One's feet. Mrs. Bradshaw is still fulfilling her mission—a ministering angel among the poor—going about doing good. Hannah Springer has clothes fit to be seen at meeting, and they are seen at meeting every first day of the week. Little Johnny Springer—the world will hear from Johnny by and by—a boy that stands at the head of his class in school, who is honest, truthful, and obedient, never passes through life without making his mark—without blessing the world. Men made of such boys will be a fence of fire around UNCLE SAM'S FARM, more terrible to the foes of true freedom, than the blood-seeking sword of the warrior. May the Lord bless all the brave little Johnnies and Billies and Tommies the world over. May and Ella Springer are like—like—perhaps like your little girls, reader—sweet, beautiful creatures, loving and beloved. The shadow has not yet passed from Ella's face; she has not yet forgotten her baby brother; her

little heart still bleeds because Billy is dead. Mr. Tracy has under his own roof and fatherly care, the children of Dennis Murphy—embryo Grattans, Currans, or Sheridans, if—if—UNCLE SAM'S FARM is fenced. The Widow Ironside and her daughter live very much retired. Neither the husband nor children of Mrs. Bush have yet been discovered.

Deacon Bowers has applied grafting wax and tar to the wounds of his apple-trees, and says, in fact, he has hopes that many of them will live. The good old man keeps looking after the Lord's poor, laboring and praying for the upbuilding of Zion and the Fence.

Robert Bowers is doing good service as a lecturer—setting men up without knocking them down. Bill Bently is at large. The gallows, however, will not be cheated out of its rights. The last speech, confession, and dying declaration of William Bently, will be sold in the street one of these days. Benjamin Bullard has gone to California, and not a tear has been shed. Deacon Bowers simply remarked that he was sorry for the Californians.

If the reader will now accompany us to the

State House, we will give him an introduction to the Hon. Richard Floss—our member. He has just risen in his place for the purpose of replying to a speech made by a city member, in opposition to a prohibitory liquor law.

The city member said in his speech that he should vote against such a law; first, because he considered the law unconstitutional; secondly, because he was constitutionally opposed to any infringement of individual rights and freedom; thirdly, because his constituents were decidedly against such a law, and he made it a matter of conscience to obey the will and wishes of those whose servant he was; fourthly, because he thought such a law could never be enforced without bloodshed, and he was opposed to blood; he was a Christian, and would rather save than destroy men's lives; and lastly, he was sure the country was by no means prepared for such a law.

"I will begin," said Floss, "with the gentleman's arguments, and advance backwards. He says he is very sure that the country is not prepared for such a law. Now, in the name of humanity and Christianity—for the gentleman

says he is a Christian—what more preparation does the country need? If the destroyer must enter almost every family, and take the first-born, then we are prepared. If gray-haired fathers must go down to the grave in hopeless sorrow, then are we prepared. If Rachel must weep for her children, and cannot be comforted because they are not, then have we Rachels everywhere, weeping and wailing in unmeasured agony. If midnight murder, morning suicide, noonday robbery, and evening arson are needed as a preparation, then are we most abundantly prepared. If our prison-houses must be gorged with men and women, made felons and fiends by alcohol; if the gallows-rope must swing in every breeze, and the strangulation of men become an every-day business; if all this is needed, who will say that we are not prepared? If the poor laboring man must take the bread out of his children's mouths, and give it to feed the rum-ruined inmates of the alms-house, mad-house, and jail; if the whole community must lie at the mercy of the ruffianly rum-power, with no security for life, for limb, or property; and if thirty, forty, or fifty thousand must yearly go down to the grave before their

time, bereft of reason and of hope; if all these horrors are needed to prepare the country for the enactment of a prohibitory law, then is our beloved country weepingly, groaningly, and bleedingly prepared. But the gentleman says he is a Christian, and would rather save than destroy men's lives. Was that spoken in irony, or what does it mean? He is opposed to blood. Does he not see the dark and turbid river of blood now flowing around every man's hearth and homestead? Does he not know that a prohibitory law would dam up and dry up this widening stream that now flows on and on, to the bottomless, shoreless, sunless sea of everlasting blackness and darkness? Is the gentleman blind? Where was he born?—what are his antecedents? I am told he is from the city. Perhaps rum is a necessity in New York—to save life, insure property, and advance morals and religion; for the gentleman has announced himself a representative of religion as well as of rum. He is a Christian, but it need not be told in Gath. He thinks the law could not be enforced without bloodshed. This is an unjust, outrageous libel upon the American people. The gentleman's constituents may be a horde of lawless men.

I will not say for that. I rather think they are. He is very much mistaken, however, if he thinks them 'the people.' They are not even a *respectable* portion of the people, or they would not utter their voice, through their organ, on this floor, in favor of perpetuating a system so red with blood, so dark with crime, so foul with moral, mental, and physical pollution.

"'The law cannot be enforced!' Who says the law cannot be enforced? The honorable—forgive the misnomer—the honorable representative of the rum-bottle. We tell the gentleman that, when a righteous law cannot be peacefully enforced in America, then the world may dress in sackcloth—its doom is near. We now come to examine a point of conscience. This is a delicate point. My honorable friend makes it a matter of conscience not to be right, not to be manly and righteous, but to work as he is bid, however dirty and disgraceful the work may be. I think it must be a mistake that 'conscience makes cowards of us all;' for he must be a brave man—desperately brave—who can stand upon this floor, and without a blush proclaim himself the advocate of a policy that possesses not one redeeming

feature; but it is a matter of conscience, as it was with the Fejee chief when he became a Christian. He was told that he must have but one wife; and making it a point of conscience to obey, he roasted and eat his supernumerary wives. The gentleman must obey his constituents; and in order to do so he must roast, doom to the fires of hell, the rest of mankind—the innocent and unborn. All this would give to the gentleman the answer of a good conscience, no doubt; but when American legislators give the keeping of their conscience into the hands of their constituents, then good-night to the sun of righteous freedom; farewell to the hopes of a world.

"In a mere matter of dollars and cents, a legislator may be guided by the wishes of his constituents and do nothing wrong; but in a moral matter, involving life and death, temporal and eternal, no man, no constituency may instruct. No man qualified to stand on this floor should be a man of *price!* Low down in the scale of manhood and moral being must the creature be who can sell himself to do evil.

"Conscience! As I stand before God and the American people, I hold that man below con-

tempt who does not, from his soul, spurn dictation from any source save that of God's unchanging law of justice, judgment, and mercy.

"The gentleman is opposed to the infringement of individual rights. So am I. But in what sense he can call it a *right* that one man should rob, starve, and murder multitudes, I am utterly unable to perceive. Have I a right to pick the gentleman's pocket? Is that law which says, "Thou shalt not steal,' an infringement of my rights? If stealing is right in itself, it would be an infringement. If rum-selling is just and right in itself, then any law enacted against the traffic would be a violation of individual rights."

"That is right which the law makes right," said the city member.

"Ho, ho!" said Floss; "if the gentleman is not careful, he will cause his Christianity to be suspected; he will cause his common sense to be doubted. I was not aware that *we*, as legislators, had any power to make a right. I thought, in my ignorance, that our powers extended no further than to command men to follow and be governed by the right. Bear with me, gentlemen. You see I have undesignedly fallen into error. 'That

is right which the law makes right.' The law justifies and sustains rum-selling, therefore rum-selling is right, and all that grows out of the business must also be right, for a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. Rum-selling brings want, woe, and misery; therefore want, woe, and misery are in the list of human rights. Arson, murder, suicide, adultery, fornication, perjury, and sacrilege are all the direct fruits of rum-selling. What a glorious bill of rights humanity has got—all made and secured by law! But still 'that is right which the law makes right.' I have always supposed that the right should frame and make the law, and not the law the right; but how much a man learns when he comes to the legislature—things which neither reason nor religion could have ever taught him. But the gentleman's bill of rights appears to be a little one-sided. He contends only for the rights of the rum-seller."

"I contend for the rights of every man," said the city member. "I have a right to sell, and you have a right to buy."

"But have I not as good a right to sell as you have?" said Floss.

"If the law says you may."

"But I have a strong desire to sell rum, because I can make money by it."

"That makes no difference about your making money," said the member.

"If I am forbid," said Floss, "to make a living in this line of trade, are not my personal rights infringed?"

"No," said the member; "not at all, if it is according to law."

"Well, if the law should forbid any other man, and every other man, as it does me, would personal right be infringed?"

"I wish the gentleman would go on with his speech. I am not here to be catechized," said the irritated city member.

"Very well," said Floss, "I come to your next: 'Such a law would be unconstitutional.' I admit that a prohibitory law would affect some constitutions very much. It is constitutional for the traffickers in alcohol to live and thrive upon the horrid aliment of human blood, warm and reeking from the hearts of guilty and innocent. I admit that a prohibitory law would be very bad for the whole rum-working and rum-selling race. It would compel them to labor with their hands, or

seek some honorable line of trade; both are decidedly against their constitution. If the gentleman spoke in reference to his own constituents, I have no doubt but that a Maine Law would be very hurtful to their constitution—being lazy, sharky, and heartless. But if he speaks in reference to the Constitution of the State, he had better have tarried among his constituents until his legal beard grew. It is not such arguments as the honorable gentleman has brought forward that the friends of humanity need to fear; it is the love of gold, the spirit of covetousness—that dark demon, in whose heart no flesh is found, from whose eye no tear of pity ever fell, from whose iron grasp nothing is ever willingly released. It is with this monster foe that we contend—a fiend on whom argument is lost, and all the pleadings of Heaven and earth thrown away. Still, in the face of resolute and consummate selfishness, *we*, the suffering, the dying; *we*, the tillers of the soil, the smiters of the anvil, and the fellers of the forest, *demand* a prohibitory law. We *demand* it. We know our wants—we know our power, we know our rights; and we speak advisedly when we say, 'Gentlemen, *we will have the law, and nothing but the law!*'

We have forborne until forbearance has become a crime. Our children cry for protection; mothers plead for their husbands and for the babes of their love, while the groanings of gray-haired and desolate sires go up and enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, '*We will have the law!*' The bottle member from —— says 'that pecuniary ruin must fall upon thousands if such a law is passed.' But he says nothing of the pecuniary ruin that has fallen, is falling, and must continue to fall upon ten hundred times ten thousand if a prohibitory law is not passed. Is the gentleman prepared to weigh in the balance a golden dollar against a human soul? Does he close his ear against the voice of millions pleading in the name of God and humanity, in order that he may listen distinctly to the croakings of Mammon, trembling for his gold! I will not believe it; and yet on this floor, in the light, the moonlight of the nineteenth century, he stands forth the avowed 'bottle member of ——.' I would tell the gentleman, however, for his comfort, that there is no cause for alarm on this point; still I would add, by way of a codicil or amendment to the prohibitory law, that, if at the end of one year after said law shall go into operation,

there shall be found throughout the State twenty families ruined and brought to the almshouse by the enactment of said law, then said law shall be and is hereby forever repealed. I offer this compromise to every bottle member in the House."

"I call the gentleman to order," said the Hon. Mr. B——, of B——. "I don't like the epithet of 'bottle-member.' I look upon it as an insult."

"The gentleman may not like the name," said Floss, with perfect coolness. "It is a very significant name, if not very classic—a name that will stick, and gentlemen may just as well get used to it first as last."

"I again call the gentleman to order," said Mr. B——. He has been suffered to go too far already. 'Bottle-member!' Who will tolerate the application of so vile an epithet to honorable gentlemen on this floor—so gross an insult to the respectable constituents that sent us here to maintain their rights? I, for one, protest against the name."

"Gentlemen may squirm as much as they please," said Floss; "they are branded with the bottle, and nothing short of a prohibitory law can remove the Cain-like mark from their foreheads.

I know it is a vile name; but the name is nothing in vileness to the thing itself. I ought to receive the thanks of this House for applying so soft a name. I might have called them 'gallows members;' the legal representatives of all that is black, bloody, atrocious and damning. But I have dealt with them in mercy, in hopes of leading to repentance, for even the chief of sinners is worth saving. We ask for a Maine Law because we love the free and glorious institutions of our country. Laws that tend to impoverish and degrade the people are the sure stepping-stones to slavery and despotism. Such is the present rum-law: such is the character of that interest represented by the bottle-members of this House."

"Order! order!" shouted some half dozen at once.

"Well," said Floss, "that nasty name will come out when I don't think. I was about to say that the present liquor law is systematically robbing the industrious, temperate man of half his earnings, while the families of the unfortunate inebriates are plundered of their last mite and their last morsel. Thousands of children are being reared in poverty, ignorance, and crime;

sent forth upon society with but one all-absorbing principle in the heart—hatred, dark, gloomy hatred to God and man. Who shall sit in judgment upon them?—they are the very thing our laws have made them. We have robbed them of their birthright; and they will make reprisal when and where and how they may. We profess to be appalled at the fearful increase of pauperism and crime. Why should we? We make provision for these things. Can a man take fire into his bosom and not be burned? Can rum-shops exist without pauperism, without crime of every grade and name? When a man can live without the breath of his nostrils, then may the rum-traffic live and prosper without crime, pauperism, and death. I would ask, will any gentleman on this floor rise in his place and affirm that he honestly believes the present liquor law can remain and not be productive of every crime that has a name on the black catalogue?"

"A man might drink, and not get drunk," said Mr. B——, member from B——.

"Has the gentleman any particular man in his mind who can drink and not get drunk? No matter; it is not what men might do; it is what

they do, and will do," said Floss. "Does the gentleman believe that men *will* drink and not get drunk? Does he believe that drunkenness can exist without poverty and crime? If he does not, then I say if he can understandingly give his voice and vote to sustain the rum-traffic, he has made a covenant with and agreement with hell.

"We *demand* the Maine Law because it accords with the genius of the Christian religion; and he who opposeth, opposeth not man but God. We *demand* the law. As a friend, I warn gentlemen to be careful how they treat this respectful but firm and earnest demand of the people. 'A stag at bay is a dangerous foe.' *Americans* demand the law; they know the justness and rightfulness of what they demand; and their last argument when they ask a right is, '*We will have it!*'"

Mr. Floss took his seat, and we take our leave of the reader with a word of counsel. Are you a father or mother? You love your children above every earthly thing. You toil for them, pray for them, and with unsleeping eye you watch over them. Your toil may be thrown away, your prayers not help, your watchfulness may not save. The spoiler is in their pathway—strong, cruel, and

unsparing. There is but one course that you can with hope pursue. Slay the foe; annihilate the murderous system, and your beloved ones are safe. Are you a son or daughter—still a member of the warm household nest? Oh, swear upon the altar of "home, sweet home," before you leave, that you will maintain an uncompromising war against the blaster of hopes and the breaker of hearts. Lay the axe at the root of the tree; hew it down, and cast it into the fire. Are you a minister of the Gospel? "a dumb dog?" If so, you are a disgrace to your profession, a dishonor to God, and an enemy to the cross of Christ. Does your moral courage fail you, because of the proximity of the rumseller? because the manufacturer or importer may sit in his cushioned pew before you on the first day of the week? Are you dumb—a traitor to your Master and to the world he died to save? No, no! I will not believe it. But oh, my brother, be stronger and stronger; speak louder and louder—exhort, entreat, rebuke, command. You *are* your brother's keeper; to God you answer for the souls of men!

And now, reader, whoever you *may* be, rich or poor, old or young, learned or unlearned, black,

white, or copper-colored, if you are unwilling to help build "UNCLE SAM'S FARM FENCE," I would, in the most respectful manner, give it as my deliberate opinion that you are a *very bad man.*

SOMETHING WRONG;

OR,

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

SOMETHING WRONG;

OR,

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

JAMES CARVER was an intelligent, industrious man, with habits of the strictest economy; yet, from some cause, which was a mystery to himself, as well as to many of his friends, he never could get ahead in the world. Several times had he commenced business for himself in a small way, but as often had been compelled to abandon his effort to get above the dead level of a clerkship. There were many who highly esteemed him, and who, he had every reason to believe, would assist him; but, while a few of them talked fairly, and expressed a great deal of interest, none seemed willing to risk any thing when he applied for credit or pecuniary aid.

At the age of thirty-six, Carver found himself with a family of five children on his hands, while his salary, as a clerk, was but eight hundred dollars.

"This will never do," said he to himself. "My family is getting larger and more expensive, and I must have an increase of income. I have business talents, and all I need is a little capital. Ah me! This want of capital is the drawback. If I only had a few thousand dollars."

While such thoughts were in his mind, a gentleman who had made his acquaintance recently, and who saw that he was active, intelligent and industrious in business matters, said to him:

"A man with your habits and qualifications ought to be in business for himself."

"So I think," replied Carver, affecting an indifference he did not feel."

"Why don't you make a start in the world? This vegetating as a mere clerk is not the thing. Have you no ambition?"

"Oh, yes; I'm ambitious enough."

"What hinders, then?" was inquired.

"Want of capital," replied Carver.

"Your knowledge of business is capital."

"Yes; but it isn't money-capital."

"True. Still there are men who have that kind of capital, without the business talents required to use it to advantage—men who would be glad to unite their money with your ability."

"Yes, I know there are such men in the world, but thus far I have been unable to find them."

The gentleman mused for some time. Then he said:

"I have a few thousand dollars, and would like to invest it in a safe and profitable business. Beyond this, if I find use for it, I have credit to a considerable extent."

The heart of Carver began to beat more quickly.

"Come around and see me to-night," said the gentleman, "and let us talk over this matter. Perhaps we may agree upon something that will be for mutual interest."

During the day this gentleman met a friend, to whom he said:

"You know Carver?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"His character is fair?"

"Very fair."

"He seems an active, intelligent man?"

"He is all that."

"First-rate business talents, I should say?"

"Yes."

"I have some thought of making him an offer to go into business," said the gentleman.

The friend did not respond to this as warmly as he had expected.

"Have you?" he merely said, in rather a cold way.

"Yes. What do you think of it?"

"Well, I don't know," was answered in an evasive manner.

"He has business talents, as I remarked?"

"Yes."

"Is industrious and attentive?"

"Yes, yes; none more so."

"And prudent in his personal expenses, I should think from what I have seen?"

"He certainly is. I wish I could make a little money go as far as he can."

"And yet, it is plain," said the gentleman, "that you don't think favorably of what I propose."

"Not very favorably, I own."

"Why, is there any thing wrong about him?"

The friend hesitated to answer.

"Because, if there is," said the gentleman, "I would like to know it. And, under the circumstances, I think it is your duty to tell me."

The friend stood thoughtful for some moments, and then bending to the ear of his companion, uttered one or two words in a low tone.

"Is it possible!" was the exclamation.

"Too true!" said the friend, shaking his head.

"Oh, dear! that will never suit me. What a pity!"

"Indeed it is."

"This, then, is what keeps him down?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"It struck me that there must be something wrong, or a man of his ability and habits of business could not remain so long in the capacity of a mere clerk."

"He has started for himself once or twice; but couldn't get along."

"No wonder," was replied. "Poor fellow, I am sorry for him."

Elated with the suddenly presented good pros-

pect, Carver went out, as soon as he got his tea, to call upon the gentleman, according to agreement.

"Is Mr. S—— in?" he asked of the servant who opened the door for him on his arrival at his house.

"No, sir," replied the servant.

"Not in! Are you sure?" said Carver, a sudden chill passing over his warm feelings.

"He went out half an hour ago," was answered.

"He will be in soon, probably?"

"No, sir. He told me to say to any who might call, that he would not return until late."

Slowly James Carver retired. A weight had been suddenly laid upon his feelings.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself. "Has he forgotten our engagement? Or, has he changed his mind? I do not understand it. He made the appointment—it was not of my seeking. Ah me! something is ever coming between me and the realization of my hopes."

On the next morning, as Carver was on his way to the store in which he was employed, he met Mr. S—— in the street. The latter, instead of pausing to make some apology for not keeping his appointment, bowed coldly and passed on.

Up to this moment, Carver had indulged the hope that either Mr. S—— had forgotten the appointment, or been called from home by some urgent matter. That hope now died out of his heart instantly. He pursued his way to the store where he was employed, suffering from a most depressed and discouraged state of mind. A few days afterwards, he met Mr. S—— again. That gentleman was coldly polite to him; but made no allusion to the subject of their recent conversation.

"It is strange! The very fates are against me," said Carver, and he mused and mused on the matter without being able to think of any definite conclusion.

"Who has taken the store lately occupied by Miller & Thompson?" he inquired of a fellow clerk, some two or three months afterwards. "I see the carpenters at work there."

"S——, I have been told," replied the clerk.

"S——! Are you certain?"

"So it is said."

"Who is associated with him?"

"A young man from one of the Market street stores. I didn't hear his name."

Carver asked no more questions, but resumed his employment.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed to himself. "Why is it that I am passed by in all these arrangements? Can it be possible that slanderous reports, affecting my character, are circulating from lip to lip? What can be said? Who can bring an accusation against my integrity of character? And as to my knowledge of business, and habits of industry, they are not to be gainsayed. What can it mean?"

For many days James Carver was seriously depressed in spirits; then his mind regained a portion of its former calmness, and he tried to be contented with his lot. But a man who sees a young family growing up around him, and his expenses increasing daily, while his income remains fixed at a minimum rate, cannot feel contented. If his affection be genuine, it will desire for his children higher advantages than are within the compass of his limited abilities. This was the case with Carver. He could not, therefore, help being disturbed by anxiety and concern.

At length, an opportunity for commencing a

light business, which required but a small amount of capital, offered. A friend advanced the few hundred dollars necessary in order to make a beginning, and James Carver started in the world again for himself.

Carver was not of a temperament to be unduly elated by the fact that he was in business. He did not see a golden harvest spread all around, waiting but for him to thrust in the sickle. He knew that he must till, with hard labor, the few acres of ground now assigned to him, and that, at best, the product could not be large. But he hoped, by patient industry and economy, to increase this product every year, and, in the end —after the lapse of many years—to rise into a condition of ease and competence. For this he was willing to toil early and late and, to suffer many privations.

But nature, and social habits, and customs, make certain demands, which must be supplied, and, in supplying these to his large family, Mr. Carver found the draft on his small profits so great, that, instead of really advancing, he rather made lee way. Could he have reduced his expenses a few hundred dollars per annum, then

the chances would all have been in his favor, for the transfer of the saving into capital, would have enabled him to increase his business, and consequently his profits. But, as it was, at the end of the first year, he found himself a little worse off than when he began. The sum loaned by his friend was still locked up in his business, and to have taken it out, would have broken him up. The friend wanted his money, and had several times talked to Carver about it. From some cause, he seemed to have grown doubtful and suspicious. At length he called upon him and said:

"I really must have the five hundred dollars I loaned you. The money has been in your hands for nearly a year and a half; much longer than I told you, in the beginning, that I could spare it. How soon do you think you can make arrangements for its return?"

"I really don't know," replied Carver, with a troubled look.

"How is your business?" then inquired the friend.

"There is plenty of business, if I could only do it," said Carver.

"Why don't you do it?" asked the friend.

"Because of my limited capital. Were I able to purchase and manufacture goods for the Spring and Fall sales, in quantities sufficient to meet the demand when it is active, I could, in a twelve-month, more than double my business, and, consequently, my income."

"You ought to have credit enough, by this time, to make all the purchases you need," was the reply.

"So it would seem," returned Carver. "But, strange to say, I have not been able to open a single credit account that is of much use to me. One or two houses, who keep the goods I want, will sell me at thirty or sixty days; but this is little better than cash."

"I'm sorry," remarked the friend; but in a tone that made it questionable whether he was most sorry for Carver or himself. He did not see a very flattering prospect for a speedy settlement of his claim against the business.

"You ought to have a partner with capital," said he, after pondering the subject for some time.

"I have long seen that," replied Carver. "A

few thousand dollars in the business would make it pay handsomely. Thus far, I have succeeded in creating a demand. Capital is now wanted for the supply of that demand."

"You are satisfied that the business pays?"

"Oh, yes; and can satisfy any one else in the clearest manner."

"Then no difficulty about a partner ought to exist. There are men enough willing to put capital into a good paying business. Have you tried to get a partner?"

"Yes; I have been looking out for some one to join me these six months."

"Who have you spoken to on the subject?"

"A number; but few seem inclined to look at the matter. Other men who want capital find no difficulty in obtaining it. Why there should be an exception in my case, is more than I can tell."

The friend mused for some time, when he said:

"I have use for the money I loaned you. If you can't return it in cash, I must take your notes and pass them away."

Carver looked troubled at this proposition.

"How soon do you think you could make the payment? in three or four months?"

Carver shook his head.

"In four and six, then?"

"I will give you my notes at any time you may designate; but I cannot promise to pay their full amount when they mature. I will do the best I can, however."

The countenance of the friend became serious.

"Well!" said he, after a pause. "If you do your best, I would be unreasonable to ask for more. But take my advice, and get a partner with capital as soon as possible."

The notes were drawn, and the friend took them, and went his way, leaving Carver even more troubled and depressed in mind. He now set himself more earnestly to work to get capital in his business. After an effort of some two months, he succeeded in finding a man who had ten thousand dollars to invest, and who listened with interest to what he had to propose. This man had but recently arrived in the city, and was not very largely acquainted. His name was Williams. A few interviews showed Carver that he was shrewd, calculating, and far seeing—

just the man in connection with whom he could make fortune certain. Williams entered intelligently into all the details of his business, and comprehended, almost instinctively, its wants and capacity. Satisfied with that, he next went to work to satisfy himself about the man who had proposed to him a copartnership.

"What is the standing of Mr. Carver?" asked Mr. Williams of the first person to whom he addressed inquiries.

"In what respect?" was answered.

"Does his character stand fair?"

"Yes; very fair."

"He seems like a man of business."

"And he is all he seems. He does not get on very well, but it is mainly from a want of capital."

"So he informs me."

"Ah! you've conversed with him on the subject?"

"Yes. The fact is, I have some thought of forming a copartnership with him."

"Have you indeed?"

There was a want of heartiness in the tone of voice with which this was made, that Mr. Williams could not help observing.

"Yes," he replied. "He has a good business, which may be increased, to almost any extent, by the addition of capital."

"I believe so myself," was answered. "Poor Carver! I'd like to see him get along. He's a clever fellow, and as faithful to business as a man can well be."

"All he wants is capital?"

"No; not all. But—" checking himself—"I ought not to say this."

"What does he lack besides capital?"

"Excuse me, sir, if you please; I spoke thoughtlessly. A more honest, industrious man, I do not believe can be found."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Williams, "you have raised a question in my mind—have created a vague doubt, that must be removed by certainty, or I cannot think of risking any money in Mr. Carver's business."

"I'm very sorry to have produced such an effect," was replied. "I did not mean to do so. Mr. Carver is a man whom I respect and esteem. So far from throwing a straw in his way, I would do every thing in my power, consistently, to help him along."

"All you say," answered Mr. Williams, "only satisfies me, that there is something wrong about Mr. Carver. Entire ignorance as to what this is, will be more fatal to an arrangement, than even a knowledge of the fact."

"I regret to hear you say this," returned the gentleman. "I don't know that the defect to which I alluded is a very serious one. Indeed, I am sure it is not in this case."

"What is its nature?"

There was a brief hesitation. Then followed a whispered reply.

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed Mr. Williams. "Bad! bad! That will never do. It's a pity. I never would have suspected this."

"Only his more intimate acquaintances are aware of the fact. I don't think he is very far wrong. Still, such is the case."

"Enough! He and I can never come together—never! Oh no! I would have no security."

Up to this time Mr. Carver and Mr. Williams had held several interviews upon the subject of a copartnership, and many of the preliminaries had

been talked over and settled. As for Carver, he saw the way for an arrangement perfectly clear.

"There is daylight ahead at last," said he to his wife, as he sat alone with her one evening. "I am about taking a partner who is not only an active business man, but one who has a cash capital of ten thousand dollars."

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Carver, seeking in a forced calmness of tone to hide the sudden pleasure derived from the communication.

"His name is Williams. For a week we have conferred on the subject, and to-morrow a final determination of the matter will take place."

"The arrangement is not yet concluded, then?" said Mrs. Carver, in a disappointed voice.

"It's as good as concluded," replied her husband, confidently. "He has entered minutely and intelligently into an examination of the business, and is fully satisfied as to its capabilities. To-morrow all will be arranged. Yes, there is daylight ahead. I have not ceased to hope for morning, and now the dawn is breaking."

"I trust all may turn out as you anticipate; but we have suffered so many disappointments—" The voice of Mrs. Carver trembled and failed.

"Yes, yes; we have long been under a cloud," replied Carver; "but it is rifted now, and the clear sky is visible beyond."

"Ah, James!" said his wife with much feeling, "if the clouds should not pass away."

"They will pass! They will pass! Poor doubter! Will you never let hope fold her wings and rest on your bosom?"

"I know that I am too apt to look on the dark side. But, is there much wonder?"

"Perhaps not. Still it cannot always be night. Morning must come at last; and now I see it breaking."

"It is time that it broke," was answered by Mrs. Carver. "Our children are growing up rapidly, and their wants are daily on the increase. My health is failing from overtasks—I am sinking under burdens too heavy to bear. We need a larger income, James."

"And we will have it," was the confident reply. "Cheer up! the dawn is breaking."

Yet, for all this confidence expressed by Carver, some lurking doubts remained in his heart, and these became so intrusive on the next morning as to trouble him seriously. His wife noticed his

silent thoughtfulness at the breakfast-table, and the fact well nigh destroyed the little confidence in the future with which he had inspired her.

As Carver went to his place of business, the thought of meeting with Mr. Williams oppressed him. He felt now as if the chances were all against the arrangement he was so anxious to make. Try as he would to bring back the confidence of the previous day, the effort was unavailing. At ten o'clock Mr. Williams was to come in; but he did not appear at the hour, nor had he presented himself when the clock struck eleven. It was near twelve when a sealed note was handed in, addressed to Mr. Carver, who opened it with trembling anxiety. It proved to be a confirmation of the vague fears that had troubled him since morning.

"After maturely considering," thus read the note, "the matter about which we have conferred for some days, I have finally concluded not to enter into the proposed arrangement. I hope that my decision will not greatly disappoint you. No doubt you can readily form a copartnership quite as advantageous to yourself as the one we talked about."

It was with difficulty that Carver could hide from those immediately around him the bitterness of his disappointment. While his feelings were yet quivering with disappointment, a customer came in and asked if he had a certain article.

"How many do you want?" inquired Mr. Carver.

"Thirty dozen."

"I have only three dozen made up," was replied.

"Then I will have to send to New York."

"How soon must you have them?"

"In a week or ten days. Can you manufacture them in that time?"

"I presume so."

"In that case I would wait, for I would much rather buy here."

"I will let you know this afternoon," replied Carver.

"Very well." And the customer took his departure.

Now the article wanted by this customer was one in the manufacture of which about two hundred dollars in cash would be required. The net profit would be one hundred dollars. Carver had

no money in his pocket, and only a few small bills that were open for collection; he must, therefore, borrow the sum needed, or let the purchaser go to New York. After deliberating for a short time, he determined to call upon a gentleman with whom he had occasional business transactions, and state the peculiar situation in which he was placed, hoping thereby to awaken sufficient interest in his mind to induce him to grant a loan of the sum needed. The gentleman heard him patiently but coldly, and when he finally asked for aid in the sum of two hundred dollars, to be returned as soon as the goods, for which he had an order, were manufactured, he shook his head and replied:

"I'm sorry it isn't in my power to help you, Mr. Carver. At present all my funds are in use. But no doubt you will find some friend both able and willing to give you the assistance you need."

This was a mere subterfuge, and Carver felt that it was such. The man could have loaned the sum needed without the slightest inconvenience to himself.

Though depressed and discouraged by this repulse, he did not give up. Another individual was called upon, and his case again stated. But

he had no money to lend. A third application was made, but with no better success.

"It is hard," murmured the poor man, as he turned his steps towards his place of business. "Hard—very hard! Specious rogues and deliberate scoundrels can get credit for thousands, while I, with an honest purpose in my heart, cannot obtain the aid of even a few hundreds. I am half inclined to believe that an evil destiny is hanging over me."

"Good morning, Carver; how are you?" said an acquaintance, meeting him at this moment, and speaking in a cheerful voice.

"Ah, Franklin!" returned Carver, as he offered his hand.

"You don't look very bright," remarked the acquaintance. "Is anything wrong with you?"

"Yes, there is," replied Carver, who felt half desperate, "a good deal that is wrong."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so. What is the trouble?"

"The trouble is, that I am all ashore with my business for want of capital to keep it afloat."

"That's bad."

"It is bad—bad enough! If I had capital, or

even a fair credit, I could do well; but having neither, my case is almost hopeless. Unless something occurs in my favor, I shall have to close up and seek for another clerkship. As for business, there is plenty of that to do; but goods must be bought and manufactured before they can be sold. A customer came in this morning for over three hundred dollars' worth of a single article, and I had but thirty dollars' worth on hand. The profit on the manufacture is one-third. Rather than go to New York for the goods, he gave me an order to make them up, although he would have to wait for them at least two weeks. But, without cash to purchase the raw material, I cannot meet the order; and the amount of cash required is some two hundred dollars. I have been out trying to get some one to loan me this amount for a short period, but without any success."

"That is a hard case, sure enough," said Franklin.

"Isn't it. There's something wrong. Other people can get business facilities, but none come to my door; and when I go out in search of them they are denied to me. I am utterly discouraged."

"You should take a partner with capital," suggested the friend; "that is, if your business will afford a division of profits."

"It would afford a handsome division to any one who would invest. But I can't get a partner."

"You have tried to get one?"

"Oh, yes; I have been trying for months."

"What is in the way?" The friend fixed his eyes attentively upon the face of Carver, as he asked this question.

"Heaven only knows! I'm sure I have presented fair inducements. I have shown a business that only requires an investment to pay handsomely. Those who look at it seem satisfied that money is to be made; but after being on and off with me for some days or weeks, finally decide against the arrangement, and in a way to make me feel uncomfortable, as if I had sought to mislead them. Something is wrong, and I would give much to know what it is. At times I think that evil rumors are abroad touching my moral character or my business habits. But surely there are those who know me well enough to contradict them."

The eyes of Franklin sunk to the pavement as

Carver said this, and there was a change in the expression of his countenance. For some moments he appeared to be thinking hurriedly. Then he looked steadily at Carver and said:

"You are partly right in your conjectures. There is something wrong, and it is in yourself."

"In me!" exclaimed Carver, the blood rising to his face.

"Yes, in you; and to my certain knowledge, that to which I allude has stood in the way of more than one advantageous arrangement. It prevented your forming a copartnership with Williams, who was ready to put ten thousand dollars into your business."

"Explain yourself, Mr. Franklin," said Carver, with knit brows.

"Not without you are willing to hear that explanation as a reasonable man, and ready to correct your error when it is pointed out. I am now speaking to you as a friend, and I wish you to regard me as such."

"Come over to Elder's, and let us talk about this in a quiet way there," said Carver, glancing towards a drinking establishment across the way.

Franklin compressed his lips, shook his head, and looked grave.

"You're not afraid to be seen going in there, said Carver.

"Had you been afraid to go there, you would have been better off than you are to-day!" answered Mr. Franklin.

"Why, what do you mean!" was responded to this, in a quick, half-indignant voice.

"Simply," replied the friend, "that the fact of your habitually drinking intoxicating liquors, and occasionally being so much under their influence as to lose the balance of your mind and attract attention thereto, has created a feeling of distrust that is hopelessly marring your prospects. I heard a friend of yours, no later than last week, lamenting this very thing. He said that you had applied to him some time ago for the loan of a few hundred dollars, and that nothing prevented his making the loan, but his want of confidence in the result of your business, growing out of the fact that you indulged too freely in drink."

"I am no drunkard!" said Carver, in a low, hoarse voice.

"And yet you often drink so deeply, that sober people see the effect, and sadly fear for the ultimate consequences. Believe me, my friend, your habits in this thing are frequently spoken of and regretted. Mr. Williams was all ready to put his ten thousand dollars into your business, when a knowledge of this weakness reached him, and he instantly abandoned all thought of entering into an association with you. Give up this habit, which is daily gaining strength, and will, if not entirely abandoned, destroy you in the end, and you will find yourself in a new relation to business men."

"I cannot believe this, Franklin," said Carver, still speaking in a low and husky voice. "What you say must be an exaggeration."

"Do you want evidence? If I prove to you that what I say is only the simple truth, will you cast aside the cup of confusion?"

"Will I!" exclaimed Carver, with sudden enthusiasm. "I would be a fool, a madman, a criminal, not to do so!"

"It so happens that we have not far to go for the evidence needed. Here is S——."

At that moment Mr. S——, before alluded to,

happened to be passing, and Franklin called to him to stop for a moment.

"S——," said he as the gentleman paused, "you must pardon the freedom I take. My motive is my only excuse. You once contemplated associating our friend with you in business."

"I did," answered Mr. S——, looking a little surprised at the unexpected question.

"May I ask you why you did not carry out this purpose?"

"I don't think the question a proper one, by any means," replied Mr. S——.

"Answer it freely," said Carver; "I am prepared to hear the truth."

S—— hesitated for a few moments, and then replied:

"There was a single objection."

"But one?"

"One only."

"And what was that?"

"I learned, to my surprise, after the conversation I held with you, that you drank habitually, and at times rather freely."

"You had no other objection?"

"True, Mr. Carver; and let me say to you

now, that if you were free from this defect, I would make you an offer before the sun went down. But that, with me, vitiates all."

"Can all this be true? Do I hear aright?" exclaimed Carver, utterly astonished. He had drank freely and habitually, but never dreamed that he had gone so far aside as to attract observation.

"It is too true, my friend," said Mr. S——; "you have marred all your prospects in life by the weak indulgence of a depraved appetite."

"Then I will mar them no longer," was solemnly replied. "A little self-denial it will be for so great a good as you now promise."

"Are you really in earnest?" said Mr. S——, speaking with evident pleasure.

"In earnest! yes! If that is all that has chained me down, I shall soon rise to a higher place."

"Come, then, with me," said Mr. S——; "I have much to say to you."

And Carver went with him to his store, where they held a long and earnest conference.

Poor Mrs. Carver had been disappointed so often, that she could feel no confidence in the

better prospect that seemed opening before her husband. Several times had offers of business connections and capital been made to him; but something had ever intervened to prevent an advantageous arrangement; and something, her fears told her, would intervene to prevent the arrangement about to be entered into between her husband and Mr. Williams. Anxiously passed the hours until dinner-time, when his return was to verify her worst anticipations, or fill her heart with a better hope for the future. It was later than usual when Mr. Carver returned home. So anxious did his wife feel, that she met him just as he entered the door. The present seemed to her the turning point for good or ill in their fortunes, and she found it almost impossible to bear suspense a moment longer. He looked at her seriously as he came in, and her heart sunk in her bosom.

"Mr. Williams—" she could say no more.

"Has failed to—"

"Oh, James!" exclaimed the unhappy wife, hiding her face on his bosom at the first words of his unfinished answer.

"But," said he, after a moment's pause, in a

tone of voice that caused his wife to look up instantly.

"But what, James?" was her eager inquiry.

"I have made a far better arrangement with Mr. S——, in whose business I am to be assigned an interest that, for the first year, will be worth little short of two thousand dollars."

"James! Can this be really so? Will not Mr. S—— again recede from his proposition?"

"No. I have learned the cause of his former strange conduct; in fact, the reason why none could be found who were willing to aid me with money or join me in business. But this cause shall exist no longer."

Mrs. Carver looked earnestly into the face of her husband, but she did not ask him to explain. She understood him, and he saw that she did.

"That cause exists no longer," he repeated in an earnest voice.

"Thank God!" she murmured, a joyful light breaking through the tears that were springing to her eyes; and as she spoke, she laid her face again upon his bosom and wept.

A few years rolled around, and Mr. Carver is now a partner in the large mercantile house of

S——, B—— & Co., and is rapidly accumulating a fortune.

The "something wrong" in his case is the "something wrong" in the case of hundreds of young and middle-aged men, who cannot or will not understand the "why and the wherefore" of their ill-success in life. Men of business have no confidence in those who drink habitually, and hesitate, no matter how competent they may be, to form associations with them or to aid them with money. Not a few would find their prospects in life changing for the better, if they would quit visiting refectories and drinking-cellars, and banish from their houses all kinds of intoxicating liquors. Let all whom it may concern look this matter in the face and ponder it well.

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Principal of Public School No. 14.

NEW YORK, *Feb.*, 1852.

great pleasure in recommending it as the best work on the subject for class instruction that has ever fallen under my observation.

E. L. AVERY,
Principal, Ward School No. 27.

NEW YORK, *Feb. 26th*, 1852.

The "*Manual of History of the United States*," has been in use in my school since its publication, with the utmost success. It is, in my opinion, unquestionably the best book for the purpose for which it was designed, of any I have ever seen. I cordially recommend it to those engaged in the business of education, in the confidence that a trial of it will satisfy them of its superiority.

W. J. O'DONNELL,
Public School No. 5.

NEW YORK, *Feb. 26th*, 1852.

"*Scott's Manual of History of the United States.*"—This little work is remarkable for its judicious selection and arrangement of the facts presented, for the relative degree of prominence it gives to particular events, for a correct style, and for the brevity, so essential in a text-book for our common schools. It has been introduced as a class-book into this institution, as the best work of its kind for practical purposes with which I am acquainted.

WM. BELDEN, Jr., A. M.,
Principal of Ward School No. 8.

NEW YORK, *Feb. 26th*, 1852.

I have examined with much interest a compendium of the History of the United States, by D. B. SCOTT, Principal of Ward School No. 25, and think it admirably calculated to accomplish the object for which it was designed. I have used it in my school with much success and cordially recommend it as worthy of general introduction into all our common schools.

LEONARD HAZELTINE,
Principal of Public School No. 14.

NEW YORK, *Feb.*, 1852.

MR. D. B. SCOTT. DEAR SIR:—I have examined your "*Manual of History of the United States,*" and am pleased to say that its arrangement in regard to the nature of the questions, and the brevity with which they are answered, will, in my judgment, contribute very much to impress facts narrated in history upon the minds of pupils, and at the same time afford a great relief to that tediousness complained of by scholars pursuing that study. I have no doubt but that it will give very general satisfaction to all teachers who desire their pupils to make rapid progress in that important department.

Having great confidence in the merits of the work, I most cordially recommend it to all engaged in teaching.

Yours truly,
JOHN W. KETCHAM,
Late Principal of Public School No. 7,
and Ward School No. 23.

NEW YORK, *March 1st*, 1852.

DAVID B. SCOTT. DEAR SIR:—Having used your History of the United States, in Public School No. 1, for some time, I am gratified to express to you my entire satisfaction with the result. I consider it a valuable auxiliary to a teacher.

Yours, &c.,
W. W. SMITH,
Principal, Public School No. 1.

NEW YORK, *March 2d*, 1852.

I have used Scott's History in my school for six months, and from the success which I have met with in posting scholars up in the dates and events, I am convinced that it is the best book of its kind in use, and is peculiarly adapted to our common schools.

WM. H. REUCK,
Principal of Public School No. 7.

NEW YORK, *March 2d*, 1852.

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JOSEPH McKEEN,

City Superintendent of Common Schools.

NEW YORK, *July 7th*, 1852.

We, the undersigned, cheerfully concur in the opinion expressed above.

DAVID B. SCOTT,	L. HAZLETINE,
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